

JULY 25, 1988

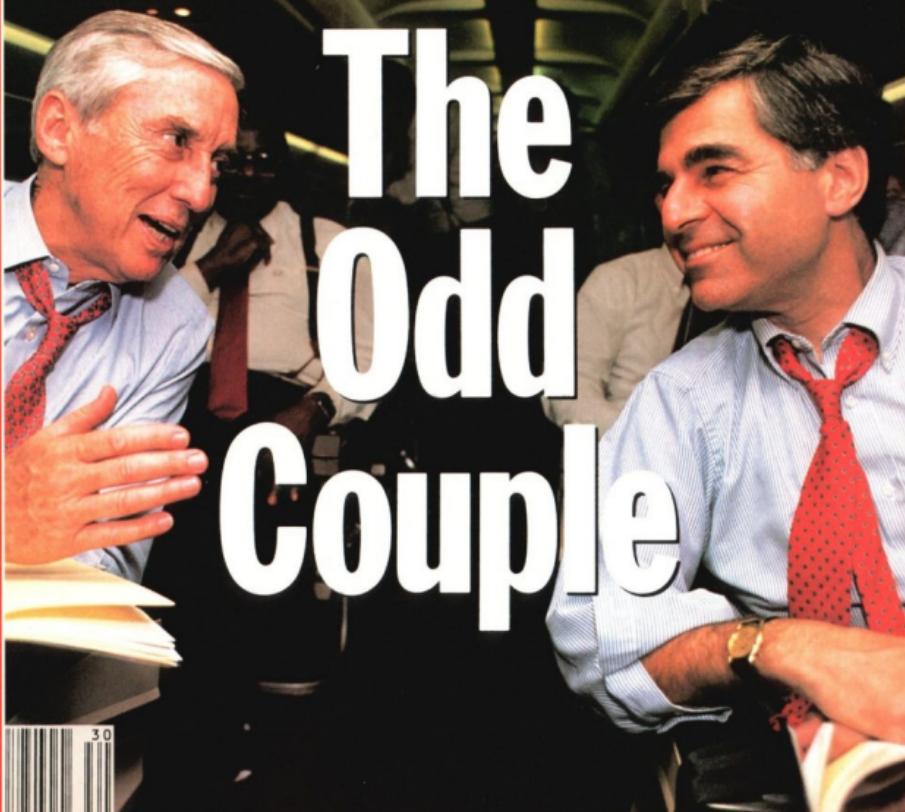
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GARRY WILLS: Searching for Dukakis' Soul

TIME

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Odd
Couple



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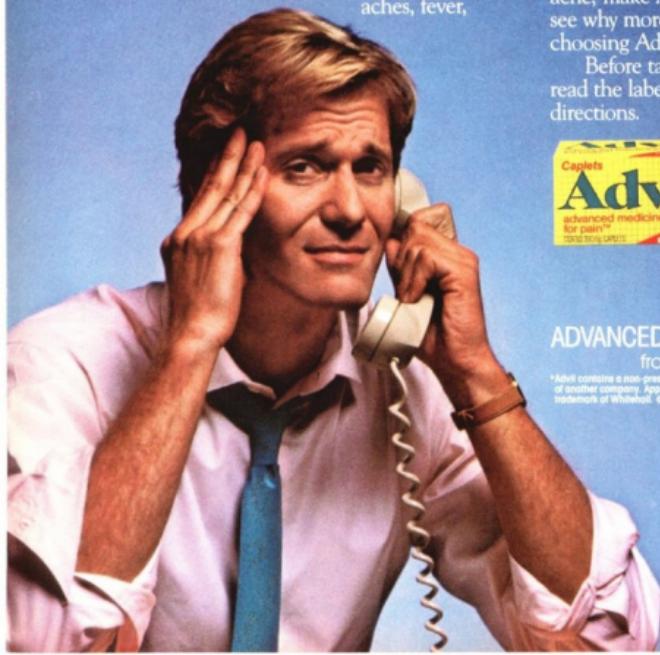
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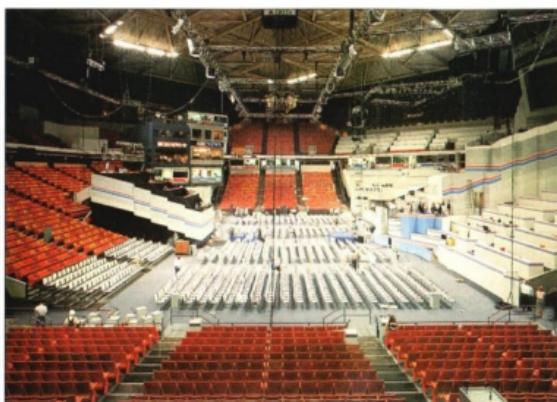
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COVER: In Atlanta this week, the curtain rises on a new era for the Democrats **16**

Michael Dukakis tries to unite his party and define its postliberal soul. ▶ Confounding oddsmakers and stiff-arming Jesse Jackson, the Duke picks Texan Lloyd Bentsen as his running mate. ▶ Garry Wills on the rise of the moral manager. ▶ Calvin Trillin rediscovers Atlanta. ▶ Mimi Sheraton samples the city's culinary charms. See NATION.



WORLD: Gorbachev takes his reforms on the road in his first state visit to Poland **38**

The Soviet leader, chairing a Warsaw Pact summit, advances Moscow's program for political and economic renewal as a way of jump-starting similar plans in Eastern Europe.

▶ A crackdown in Nicaragua spurs calls for military aid to the *contras*. ▶ Britain beats the U.S. to the arms deal of the century.



MUSIC: Randy Travis leads a stampede to the crossroads of country, pop and rock **68**

There's a country-music party going on at the junction of Nashville and tomorrow. Grammy Winner Randy Travis is headlining, while more restless spirits are tangling country's traditional roots with all sorts of other music. How long can this party last? If Travis & Co. have their say, forever and ever. Amen.



58
Economy & Business
 Defense suppliers, hurt by budget cuts and scandal, face hard times. ▶ Washington vows drought relief. ▶ Immigrant loan clubs.

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Education
 Gorbachev's *glasnost* expels party-line teaching from Soviet schools and brings open discussion and a bit of heresy to texts and curriculum.

84
Art
 Dominated by the U.S. exhibit of paintings by Jasper Johns, the Venice Biennale regains some of its luster as a festival of the new.

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Cover:
 Photograph by Steve Liss

A Letter from the Publisher

Garry Wills first caught up with the Dukakis campaign back in October, when Iowa's tallgrass prairies were dusted with leaves and the Democratic pack was six dwarfs deep. Since then Wills, one of the country's pre-eminent political journalists and presidential scholars, has tracked Michael Dukakis from debate to primary, from Los Angeles to Brookline, Mass. "He's extraordinarily consistent," says Wills of Dukakis' performance over the past six months. "He glows a bit more in big crowds, as all candidates do, but he's very unswerving."

Wills, who wrote the in-depth profile of Dukakis that appears in this week's magazine, knows his Presidents, past and potential. The author of six books on American Chief Executives (Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Kennedy, Nixon, Reagan), Wills has gained a reputation for weaving historical, cultural and political threads into seamless biographical tapestries. This week's minibio of the candidate from Brookline is one of a series of campaign articles that Wills is writing for TIME this year. In February the magazine published his analysis of the moral revolt championed by Pat Robertson. In March the author examined Jesse Jackson's populist message. In this week's assessment of Dukakis, Wills provides in-



On the trail: Wills with Kitty Dukakis in Brookline

sights into the candidate's appeal and significance. "Where Reagan is quintessentially American, Dukakis is the outsider, the arriver, the striver," he says. "He very sincerely thinks of himself as the all-American success story. He is a kind of omn-American."

A former Jesuit seminarian, Wills received a Ph.D. in classics from Yale University in 1961 after completing a dissertation on Aeschylus. Since then he has pursued careers in both academia and journalism. He is the Henry R. Luce Professor of American Culture and Public Policy at Northwestern University, as well as a nationally syndicated columnist. Wills is currently at work on a book about James Wilson, a Supreme Court Justice in the early days of the Republic, and a volume about Henry Adams, the turn-of-the-century American historian. In addition, Wills will serve as the correspondent for a TIME-Frontline special report that will air Oct. 24 on the Public Broadcasting System. That hour-long program will profile two would-be Presidents, George Bush and Michael Dukakis.

Robert L. Miller

Seatbelts save lives. Don't drink and drive.

The most important part in any car is a sober driver.

Between now and September 3 we hope you will call 1-800-444-8987 for information on where to sign this year's Drive for Life pledge and petition. We, Mothers Against Drunk Driving, hope you will join us in support of MADD and make it a point not to drink and drive on this day.

And during this day, remind others to do the same by driving with your lights on.

Your efforts can make a difference.

Last year was the first Drive for Life pledge day. That day showed nearly a 30% reduction in alcohol-related fatalities.

What happens on our highways as a result of drunk driving is a crime. Last year, 23,000 men, women and children lost their lives in drunk driving crashes. Help us reduce these numbers.

Please join us on September 3.

And shed some light on this sobering topic.

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FOR LIFE**
Saturday, September 3, 1988

MADD

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Letters

Deadly Drought

To the Editors:

We have had warnings for years from scientists about the effects of global warming caused by our pollution of the atmosphere. Now that we are in a disastrous drought [NATION, July 4], it is time to hear from presidential candidates, legislators, industrialists and other world leaders about halting the trends that threaten food and water supplies and all life on this beautiful, fragile planet.

John Moe
Vadnais Heights, Minn.

The American farmer is reaping the fruits of 50 years of Government interference, chemical dependency and greed. U.S. agriculture has become increasingly reliant on chemicals to grow ever greater yields. In many areas, no organic material or life-creating bacteria remain in the soil to buffer it against the drought and wind. On a recent trip to Iowa, I noticed that nearly all the shelter belts of trees and brush originally planted to take the bite out of the wind and reduce erosion have been destroyed, giving farmers an extra 5 ft. or 10 ft. around the perimeters of the fields to plant.

Richard H. Langill
Plainfield, N.H.



The caption accompanying your graphic photo of a prostrate cow in Laredo, Texas, reads, "There is nothing Manuel Benavides can do for this dying cow on his parched farm." Not so. No animal should have to suffer that kind of slow death, and any compassionate farmer would quickly end its agony.

Nina G. Echols
Bainbridge Island, Wash.
After stumbling on the dying animal, Farmer Benavides immediately asked someone to destroy the cow.

The deforestation and burning of vast areas of land, such as the rain forests of the Amazon basin, are contributing to the greenhouse effect. Plants convert carbon dioxide into oxygen; their decreasing numbers will accelerate the buildup of carbon dioxide.

Mark Bateman
St. Clair Shores, Mich.

Japan Superstar

Super Japan [WORLD, July 4]? Don't be so sure. No country can be truly great without abundant natural resources, and Japan has too few to be an enduring power. Despite their economic zeal, the Japanese will have to operate in partnership with countries that control the resources they need.

William B. Mullan Jr.
Chester Springs, Pa.

Your article on Japan's great economic success makes it quite obvious that although the U.S. won the war, Japan won the peace.

Brian Mirsky
Princeton, N.J.

There is one direction in which Japan can expand without hurting anybody, and that is into interplanetary space. There its wealth and productive capacity can be

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Letters

used to develop new resources, such as orbital stations and lunar settlements, for the betterment of all.

*Andrejs Baidins
Wilmington, Del.*

Sweet Whiff of Success

Your article on women in business was enlightening and encouraging [ECONOMY & BUSINESS, July 4]. Twelve years ago, I started a gift shop on a back street in the small steel town of Burnham, Pa., and three years ago, I opened my second store in the college town of Selinsgrove, Pa. My husband resigned his job to help, and our daughter, a college student, makes and sells hand-painted scarves. Even though many are saying "It won't work," the great American dream can come true with a lot of hard work, determination and family cooperation.

*Ann H. McNabb
Selinsgrove, Pa.*

Trauma Care Run Awry

If one wishes to know what is wrong with trauma care in the U.S. [MEDICINE, July 4], just compare the payment a cardiac surgeon receives for doing a coronary bypass as an elective procedure at 8 a.m. with what a trauma surgeon gets for treating the victim of a gunshot wound at

1 a.m. Many American hospitals are prospering because of busy cardiac-surgery programs, while others are losing money because of a high number of indigent victims of severe trauma. America has always put its money where its interests are. When this country becomes concerned about trauma victims, then trauma care will be adequately funded.

*Stuart Harris, M.D.
Lynchburg, Va.*

If the pregnant woman with a broken neck had died because the doctors refused to treat her for fear of a malpractice suit, they would have contributed to her death and should have been held accountable.

*Nancy N. Dill
Fairfield, Iowa*

The Herculean efforts of the entire trauma-care unit at the Evanston (Ill.) Hospital are responsible for the complete recovery of our eight-year-old daughter Lindsay, who was severely injured in the Hubbard Woods School shootings on May 20. Only through the implementation of an often rehearsed trauma procedure was our child able to receive necessary lifesaving medical attention. The Evanston Hospital should be commended for its actions following this mindless act.

*George and Karen Fisher
Winnetka, Ill.*

NIMBY Syndrome

TIME may be misplacing the ethical responsibility for the NIMBY (not in my backyard) behavior [ETHICS, June 27]. It can be argued that individual communities should care for their own, but citizens have no moral obligation to accept either massive imports of toxic substances generated by corporations and towns elsewhere or people with problems created by failed government policies. In many cases, the protested projects perpetuate the problems they purport to solve.

*Frances M. Edinger
Orchard Park, N.Y.*

Don't call us NIMBYs. In tiny Louisa, Ky., we risk our lives every day bringing coal out of our mountains. We see our beautiful area raped in order to heat and light cities. This is our gift to the common good. In our backyard we have Maxey Flats, a toxic-wasteland Superfund site that could cost Kentucky \$50 million to clean up, while another area is targeted for a 900-plus-acre landfill. You folks keep the toxic waste and garbage where you make them and begin to teach your residents to recycle and your industries to reduce and reuse their wastes. Ethical behavior begins at home.

*Ruth Y. Colvin
Louisa, Ky.*

EPT SECRET STATEMENT

Century
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one in the most recent J.D. Power and Associates Customer Satisfaction Index.[†]

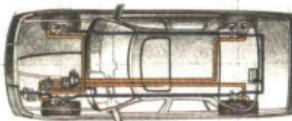
Listen, for just a moment, to what this physicist from Maryland has to say about his Legend Sedan: "I'm in awe of this car. What makes the Legend all the more pleasing is that after fifty-five hundred miles, I have yet to find the first flaw."^{*}

[†]J.D. Power and Associates 1987 Customer Satisfaction Index (CSI) survey for product quality and dealer service. ^{*}Popular Mechanics, 8/87. [®]Bose is a registered trademark of Bose Corporation. Covered by patent rights issued and/or pending. © 1987 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. Acura and Legend are trademarks of Honda Motor Co., Ltd.



Quite likely the only problem you'll ever encounter with the Sedan's fuel-injected, 24-valve, 2.7-liter V-6 is the temptation to indulge in driving for the pleasure of the experience. The smooth delivery of power can turn even the most routine excursions into truly exhilarating ones.

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Anti-Lock Brakes (ALB) designed by Honda R&D.

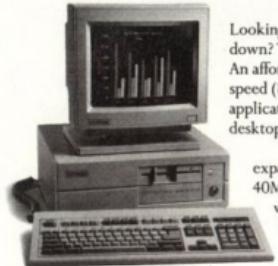
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Letters

As long as we continue to view the homeless, prisoners and drug addicts as "common, unpleasant burdens," we will only encourage a deeper sense of xenophobia. When "not in my backyard" becomes "there but for the grace of God go I," the issue will begin to be addressed.

Kris Kozlowski
Boulder

Tawana's Three-Ring Circus

Three cheers for Lance Morrow's "Tawana and Her Three Wise Men" [ESSAY, July 4]. It is about time somebody had something intelligent to say about the Tawana Brawley matter. These contemptible "advisers" have turned the problems of a sadly distraught girl into a three-ring circus.

Claudine G. Carberry
Floral Park, N.Y.

Suppose Tawana Brawley were a 15-year-old white girl who was allegedly raped and tortured by six black men. Wouldn't this be a more believable story for our racist society to accept?

Christine Cravens
Mira Loma, Calif.

Newlywed Jitters

I am the bride who was married by Jesse Jackson on May 22 [NATION, June 6], and I am appalled that you used a remark of mine as a metaphor for Jackson's primary campaign. Take a nervous bride, meeting someone famous, lights and cameras following the service. A slip of the tongue is inevitable. I referred to the "real ceremony" a week later when I meant the "planned ceremony." My husband and I hoped the news of our wedding would reach my father held hostage in Lebanon. The rite was not a media stunt. Jackson refused to have cameras in the room during the ceremony. "This is a private moment," he said. Further, my father's name is spelled *Alann* Steen; my husband did not wear Levi's; and the ceremony was not performed before an audience.

Rebecca (Steen) Monday
Santa Cruz, Calif.

Designer Cockamamy

Among the objects that pleased Psychologist Donald Norman [DESIGN, July 4] is his "favorite felt-tipped marking pen, the Faber-Castell Textliner. It is ribbed along one side and the tip is slightly angled." Evidently Norman is righthanded. For me, the felt pen falls in the category of "Things That Don't Work."

Leon M. Salter
Los Angeles

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

Critics' Choice

CINEMA

A FISH CALLED WANDA. As writer and star, Monty Python Alumnus John Cleese leads a merrie band of jewelry thieves in a looney caper. Jamie Lee Curtis and Kevin Kline get the cartoon-comedy style just right.

COMMISSAR. A tough officer of the Soviet army gets pregnant and, in the company of a Jewish family, finds humanity. Banned for 20 years, this Soviet-made parable is *glasnost*'s greatest gift to movies.

BULL DURHAM. A "natural" ballplayer (Tim Robbins) is a natural disaster to his coaches in the arts of baseball (Kevin Costner) and love (Susan Sarandon).

MUSIC

VAN MORRISON & THE CHIEFTAINS: IRISH HEART-BEAT (Mercury). Traditional Irish tunes given a most un-

conventional treatment by some of Ireland's most gifted instrumentalists and by a great rocker, who invests each song with his own wild Celtic heart.

HAYDN: SYMPHONIES LE MATIN, LE MIDI AND LE SOIR (Archiv). Trevor Pinnock leads the English Concert in a way that does Papa Haydn proud.

KEITH JARRETT TRIO: STILL LIVE (ECM). Ravishing standards like *Come Rain or Come Shine* and upbeat thrillers like Charlie Parker's *Billie's Bounce*, dazzling jazz piano from one of the best.

TELEVISION

THE BIG KNIFE (PBS, July 20, 9 p.m. on most stations). An unhappy movie star (Peter Gallagher) struggles against the manipulations of a Machiavellian studio boss in Clifford Odets' sharp-edged 1949 drama about Hollywood.

VIETNAM WAR STORY (HBO, debuting July 20, 10 p.m. EDT). TV's fascination with a once neglected war continues, as this series resumes with three dramas inspired by veterans' experiences.

WISEGUY (CBS, Wednesdays, 10 p.m. EDT). A new slot in summer reruns has helped boost the ratings for this intelligent, hard-boiled crime drama, featuring Ken Wahl as an undercover cop on the trail of slimy bad guys.

BOOKS

GROUND ZERO by Andrew Holleran (Morrow; \$16.95). A tragicomic tour, in the form of essays, through Manhattan's once bustling gay night spots, now somber, subdued and charged with the emotional fallout of AIDS.

A FAR CRY FROM KENSINGTON by Muriel Spark (Houghton Mifflin; \$17.95). A

beguiling widow's fictional progress over two familiar Spark terrains: the London publishing world and the battleground between innocence and corruption.

SPENCE + LILA by Bobbie Ann Mason (Harper & Row; \$12.95). The author of *Shiloh* and *Other Stories* offers up a love story about a Kentucky farmer and his ailing wife so pure and enduring that it might have been carved with a jackknife on an old oak.

THEATER

BIG TIME. Keith Reddin's sly look at yuppies on the make in international finance transfers from Harvard to off-Broadway.

MIRACOLO D'AMORE.

Clowns and choruses, nudes and birdsong enliven Martha Clarke's surreal fantasy, off-Broadway, of love and violence.

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Volunteerism:
THE TRUESPIRIT
OF THE
OLYMPICS

The American Olympic ideal. For most of us, it's reflected in the image of the young athlete, training long hours for no more reward than the chance to compete for his or her country. But there are less familiar figures who also embody that ideal: the everyday people, too numerous to count, who quietly volunteer long hours of their own time to ensure that U.S. Teams compete in the Olympic Games.

One appreciative U.S. athlete commented, "It's as if they feel a part of the Team just by helping out, and when we succeed, they succeed." United States Olympic Committee President Robert Helmick puts it even more strongly: "Without volunteers, it's safe to say there would be no 1988 U.S. Olympic Team."

Who are the "Silent Olympians"?

Meet Doug Doyle. As far as anyone knows, he's given more hours to the U.S. Olympic effort than any other volunteer in history. When Doyle retired in 1983 from a career in banking, he offered his services to the United States Olympic Committee (USOC). "Now, I'm kind of on society's receiving end. It makes sense for me to try to give something back," says Doyle.

The 70-year-old Doyle has given more than his share, logging over 1700 hours in the mail room and press office. It's work that would normally have cost the USOC thousands of dollars, but Doyle believes he's gotten the best deal: "I get to see it all," he says.

But not all U.S. Olympic volunteers are retirees with free time on their hands. Dr. Bill Grana, who joined the USOC's Volunteer Medical Corps in 1983, spends three weeks a year away from his family and busy orthopedic practice. But unlike most volunteers, Grana and his volunteer colleagues had to *apply* for the job. They were accepted only after intense competitive qualification of their skills.

Soon Grana, who served at the World University Games in Italy and the Pan American Games in Indianapolis, will help out at Seoul, Korea for the Summer Games. He, along with a handful of other doctors, trainers and physical therapists,



Volunteers raise the Canadian flag in honor of the winning skier in the Disabled Skier Giant Slalom event.

will be responsible for the physical care of more than 700 athletes, coaches and staff. Grana says, "The medical folks will have to function as a team, just like the athletes." Prior experience tells him that the conditions may not be optimal—Grana is used to sleeping four to a room, skipping showers and working with short supplies. But the camaraderie developed by the cooperative Olympic spirit is part of what he values most: "You work closely with some of the best people in the country," he says.

Athletes need volunteer help

The admiration that volunteers feel for U.S. Olympic athletes does not go unreturned. Fencer Lee Shelley, currently the nation's second-ranked epee fencer, sees a special quality in U.S. Olympic volunteers. "I've met a number of people who are involved with the U.S. Olympic Team on a voluntary basis, and they're all highly motivated, successful people," says Shelley. "I think that's why they're drawn to the Olympics: they recognize the same kind of drive in the athletes that they have themselves."

How does Shelley know so much about volunteers? He got a job through the USOC's Olympic Job Opportunities Program (OJOP). OJOP uses volunteers from the business community to place

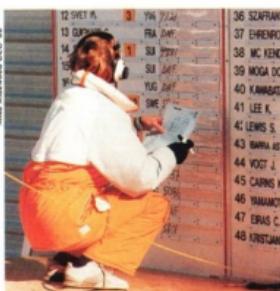
Olympic-caliber athletes in salaried jobs that suit their career path. Such jobs also allow athletes to receive an income for the time off they need to train and compete.

Because of his job flexibility, Shelley has been able to attend competitions in Europe—crucial for an American in a sport still largely dominated by European athletes. But there's another long term advantage that Shelley is equally happy about: "It's given me the opportunity to have a real career."

Financial donations still necessary

Many people and companies generously donate their time and skills to the Olympic ideal. But it's important to remember that only through continued corporate and private funding will the Olympic spirit live on.

The volunteer spirit is a combination of time and money donated to the worthy cause of international cooperation through sports. And while corporations and individuals contribute to the overall giving effort, it's folks like Doug Doyle who typify the true meaning of volunteerism. When you're watching the Summer Games at Seoul, Doug Doyle will be quietly chalking up hour number 2000 of volunteer work—and setting a different kind of U.S. Olympic record!



Volunteer chalks in results of Women's Slalom in Nakiska at Mt. Allan, Calgary.



Pull for the Team.

Whenever you use Visa, we'll contribute to the 1988 U.S. Olympic Team.

Even if you can't score a ten on the balance beam or run the



hundred in 9 flat, there are still plenty of ways to contribute to the United States Olympic Team.

Every time you make a purchase or get cash with your Visa® card or buy Visa Travelers Cheques between now and September 30, we'll make a donation to the 1988 U.S. Olympic Team. And the best part is, it won't cost you an extra cent.

Another way to pull for the Team is to make a donation directly, by calling 1-800-VISA-USA.

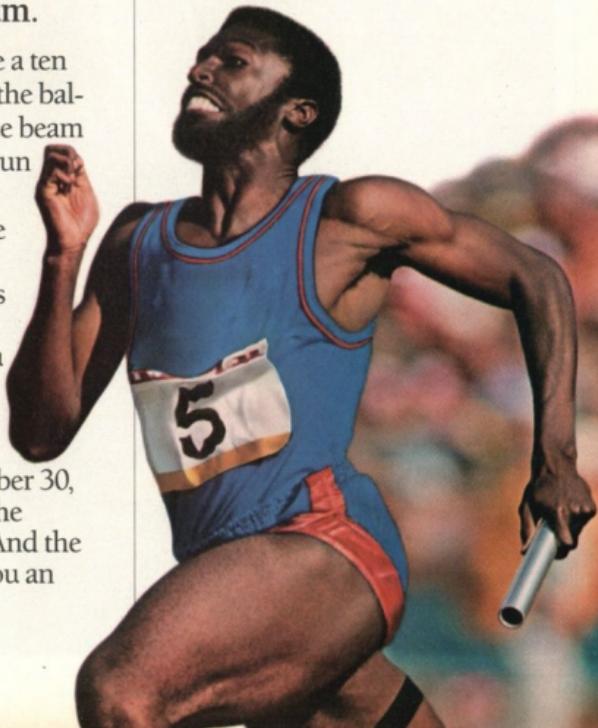
Remember, it takes more than strength and skill to compete for the gold. It takes money. And it takes your help.

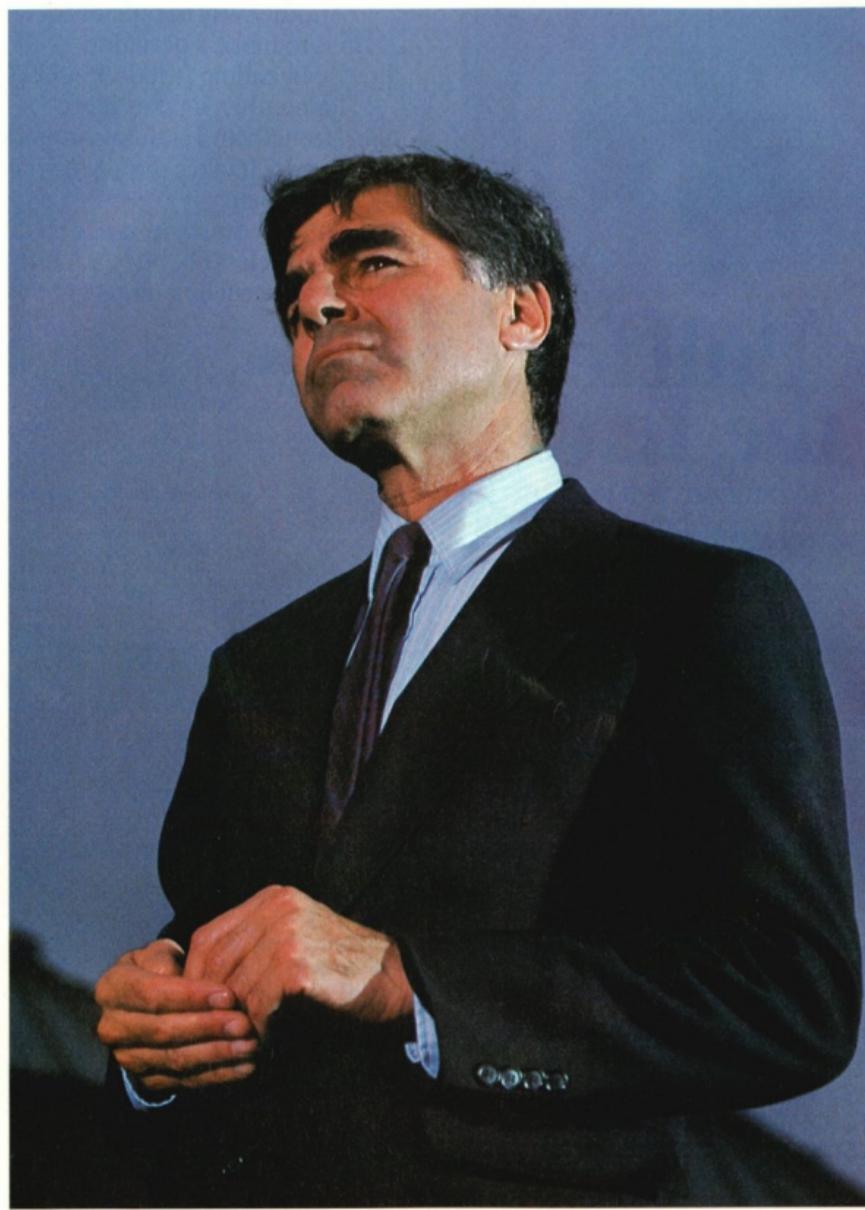
So next time you use a credit card or travelers cheque, pull out Visa. And you'll be pulling for the Team.



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TIME/JULY 25, 1988

COVER STORIES

The Party's New Soul

Downplaying ideology and their past crusades, Democrats enter the postliberal age



Democratic conventions have never been for the fainthearted. Whatever Democrats believe, they tend to believe it with the brawling gusto of a radio talk-show host. Whether it was Chicago Mayor Richard Daley snarling read-my-lips obscenities in 1968 or Senator Edward Kennedy battling a sitting President to the last bitter moment in 1980, Democrats have settled their differences with the civility of the Hatfields and the McCoys. Even the 1932 convention that first nominated Party Icon Franklin Roosevelt was raucous and bitter. As H.L. Mencken wrote at the time, "The great combat is ending this afternoon in classical Democratic manner. That is to say, the victors are full of uneasiness and the vanquished are full of bile."

Given this unforgiving history, something strange and profoundly un-Democratic is happening with the coronation of Michael Dukakis in Atlanta this week. After rending themselves apart for two decades, the Democrats have now come as close as they ever do to party harmony. There is nervousness, to be sure, over Jesse Jackson's failure to receive the respect and deference he craves and deserves. Will he, in the end, yield gracefully or grudgingly to the inevitability of Dukakis and Lloyd Bentsen? Could the Dukakis-Jackson rift result in a lasting schism along racial lines? Such tensions are serious, but a party built around uneasy coalitions should be used to them.

What telling, however, is the way the Democrats seem to have papered over doctrinal disputes. Dukakis is the party's first postliberal nominee: he blends thrift, managerial skill, social tolerance and a nonbelligerent foreign policy with the Democratic mantra of "Good jobs at good wages." By anointing Bentsen last week, Dukakis further complicated the game of pin-the-label-on-the-donkey. With his centrist, probusiness views, Bentsen is a preliberal, a throwback to the days of the Solid South, when

THE DEMOCRATS



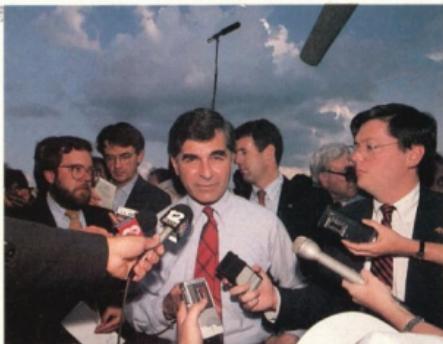
CALIFORNIA: GROWTH WAS HIS TOUCHSTONE



WISCONSIN: MARRIAGE GAVE HIM BALANCE



WEST VIRGINIA: "GOOD JOBS AT GOOD WAGES"



ALABAMA: NUMBING, NOT ALWAYS INSPIRING

Democrats were created by birth, not belief. Thus the party that ruled almost uninterrupted during the Great Liberal Hegemony from 1932 to 1968 has paired a postliberal with a preliberal for a ticket that suggests a donkey headed in two directions at once.

Such philosophic fuzziness is shrewd politics. But it suggests that the Democrats have lost the will to define themselves. After the agonizing reappraisals of the Great Society and the divisiveness of Viet Nam, is there a soul to the Democratic Party? Is there a coherent ideology to replace the promise-then-anything, interest-group liberalism that animated the party from F.D.R. to Walter Mondale? Or, after two straight tidal-wave defeats, have the Democrats extinguished their spark in a belated effort to adapt to the Age of Reagan?

The zeal with which the President has pursued his conservative domestic agenda has both united the Democrats as the party of opposition and severely limited their room for maneuver. As Massachusetts Congressman Barney Frank points out, "The deficit is a great constraint. If we had another \$50 billion to spend, we would argue over how to spend it." From Dukakis on down, the Democratic gospel still includes ritual phrases like "unmet national needs" and "reorienting our priorities." But there is a hollowness to this rhetoric that reflects the barrenness of the fed-

eral cupboard. How could any Democrat today have the temerity to propose anything as grandiose as a Great Society when the funds are barely available to maintain an Adequate Society?

The deficit also provides many Democrats with a smoke screen to cover their loss of faith in the old liberal solutions. As long ago as 1975, a newly elected Governor named Dukakis proclaimed that "much of what government has tried to do over the past 15 years has failed." The Dukakis remark was not an isolated comment. Rather, it reflected a widespread soul-searching, continuing to this day, over the failure of ambitious social programs to make much discernible headway against poverty. As Michael Barker, a leading Democratic economic analyst, says, "Not only is there no Democratic agenda, we've almost reached the point where there's no faith in even having an agenda."

The Democrats come to Atlanta convinced—after 20 years in the wilderness—that they have finally achieved wisdom through suffering. Unlike earlier defeats, there was something particularly chastening about 1984. Walter Mondale was the candidate of the party establishment who was nominated at a well-choreographed convention—and still he lost 49 states.



MASSACHUSETTS: A TICKET THAT DEFIES EASY LABELS

"Nineteen eighty-four was a massive shock of realism," recalls Texas Democratic Chairman Bob Slagle. "The party discovered that people didn't like Democrats anymore; they thought we were just single-issue people." The lesson was unmistakable: any party that has not carried a single state larger than Georgia (twelve electoral votes) since 1976 cannot afford the luxury of internecine warfare.

Democrats had vowed to abandon the folly of faction before, but these promises were like sending the Battling Bickersons to marriage counseling. But 1988 was different, in part, because the primaries symbolized the passing of the generational torch; neither Dukakis nor any of his rivals had been elected to major political office before 1974. The Democratic sweep in that post-Watergate year was a watershed, bringing to power a talented crop of young reformers—including Dukakis—who realized that old-fashioned liberalism was in trouble. Social issues such as business and crime had eroded the party's blue-collar base, while middle-class voters saw the Democrats as wastrels throwing money at problems. This Democratic class of '74 talked the language of suburban voters concerned with high taxes, yet sympathetic to the party's identification with social tolerance.

By trial and error, Dukakis also helped discover the other

central tenet of the emerging new ideology: the Democrats must again become the apostles of economic growth. To do this, Dukakis had to break free of liberal orthodoxy that automatically regards business as an adversary rather than an ally.

What Dukakis has done in Massachusetts, albeit with uneven success, is to use the levers of government, along with state money, to goad business into helping achieve liberal goals—from rebuilding depressed areas to providing health insurance for all workers. Can this liberalism on the cheap work on the federal level? There is reason to wonder, especially since the resources Dukakis proposes to invest seem so paltry compared with his promises. But he does have the virtue of being the first modern Democratic nominee who can talk of plans and programs without prompting voters to check their wallets.

The self-confidence that the Democrats carry to Atlanta this week is a far cry from the cacophonous clashes and me-too defensiveness that characterized recent conventions. But the placid surface should not mask the reality that the party has embarked on a bold and different course. The curtain has finally fallen on the liberalism that guided F.D.R., Lyndon Johnson and—yes—Walter Mondale. Now it is up to Michael Dukakis to define its postliberal soul.

—By Walter Shapiro

An Indelicate Balance

In picking Bentsen, Dukakis looked right and needlessly blindsided Jackson



The first principle of vice-presidential selection is to find a fellow who can win his own state (the bigger, the better) and not hurt you elsewhere. Safe, practical politics. Michael Dukakis has often said *his* first principle in selecting a running mate was more exalted: to find the person, apart from himself of course, who would make a first-rate President. A noble, if slightly disingenuous sentiment.

But in choosing Texas Senator Lloyd Bentsen to share space on his campaign button, Dukakis took a deeply calculated risk, an atypical gamble. Bentsen is not a shoo-in to win Texas. George Bush's adopted state. He could hurt the ticket by being perceived as an affront to the blacks and progressives who backed Jesse Jackson and by sullying the PAC-free sheen of the squeaky-clean Dukakis. And though he is greatly respected in the corridors of the Capitol, Bentsen does not top the list when people daydream about the ideal President of the United States.

For Dukakis, who has been likened to a walking pocket calculator, the choice was shrewd. If Bentsen wins Texas, Dukakis may win the whole enchilada; since Texas became a state in 1845, no Democrat has won without it. Bush will now have to spend time and money defending

the South. And, with this once safe electoral base threatened, Bush cannot afford to shrug off a loss in California.

In measuring the odds, however, Dukakis did not adequately consider one very large and unpredictable variable: Jesse Jackson. The gray and proper Bentsen would not exactly excite the 7 million who voted for the "rainbow coalition." That was understood. But then the sorry-I-missed-you phone call hit Jesse where he is most vulnerable: his sense of pride, his rightful insistence that he has earned respect. The missed connection permitted him to play to his greatest strength: attracting the media eye. For days after the announcement, Jackson's parade of grievances and implied reprisals shifted the soft-spoken Bentsen off the front pages.

The Texas Tory and the Brookline Bantam make a sitcom-like odd couple. Bentsen is more Bush's twin than Dukakis'. Bentsen supports the *contras*; Dukakis reviles them. Dukakis mocks the policies of Reaganomics; Bentsen backed them. Bentsen boosts new missiles; Dukakis denigrates them.

The choice of Bentsen was something of a surprise; so too the generally laudatory reaction. He carries some campaign liabilities: his age and general lack of zip, as well as a silky style that makes it hard for Middle-Class Mike to depict Silver-

Spoon George as a country-club elitist. Bentsen's willingness to wallow in contributions from those with business before his Finance Committee makes it tougher for Dukakis to exploit the Reagan Administration's "sleaze factor."

But Dukakis, as Bentsen pointed out, "wasn't looking for a clone of Mike Dukakis." He was looking for someone who would give the ticket balance, and by choosing one of the most probusiness, prodefense Southerners around, he got it. "It makes our problems much more difficult," says Republican John Connally, a former Texas Governor. Bentsen helps shield Dukakis from the liberal label Bush is trying to pin on him and makes the ticket more appealing to the Bubba vote: conservative whites who defected to Ronald Reagan.

Dukakis' search for a running mate seemed to last as long as a Herman Wouk mini-series. On the night of the California primary, June 7, Dukakis' discreet alter ego, Paul Brountas, handed him a black binder containing, among other things, the late Washington Post Publisher Philip Graham's 1960 memo urging Jack Kennedy to select Lyndon Johnson as his running mate. It made an impression.

Brountas carried out the search much

Dukakis

Height 5 ft. 8 in.

Presidential Primary Votes

9,277,083

The Issues

Against: *Contra* aid, the 1981 Reagan tax cuts, MX missile, B-1 bomber, death penalty, school prayer, oil-import fee, Gramm-Rudman budget amendment, Star Wars

For: Gun control, federal funds for abortion

PAC Contributions to 1988 War Chest
None. Lambasted primary opponents for accepting PAC contributions

Estimated Net Worth \$500,000

Homes Half of a two-family brick house in Brookline, Mass.

Family Car 1983 Dodge Aries

Clothing Sale-priced suits from Filene's Basement

Favorite Foods Clam chowder, orange soda

Pastimes Reading, walking while holding weights

The Odd Couple



Bentsen

Height 6 ft. 2 in.

Presidential Primary Votes

4,046 (in 1976)

The Issues

For: *Contra* aid, the 1981 Reagan tax cuts, MX missile, B-1 bomber, death penalty, school prayer, oil-import fee, Gramm-Rudman budget amendment, research funds for Star Wars

Against: Gun control, federal funds for abortion

PAC Contributions to 1988 War Chest
\$1,460,977, more than any other Senator

Estimated Net Worth \$2 million

Homes A seven-room Washington town house, a condominium in Houston, a 10,000-acre ranch in Texas, a farm in Virginia

Family Car 1988 Lincoln Continental

Clothing Elegant suits from Houston's Norton Ditto

Favorite Foods Tex-Mex, iced tea

Pastimes Tennis, quail hunting, gin rummy

THE DEMOCRATS

the way Dukakis would have: methodically and unimaginatively. He visited 50 leaders in Congress and saw that an additional 200 people were sounded out. After three weeks, Brountas and Dukakis trimmed the field to seven semifinalists: Senators Albert Gore, John Glenn, Bob Graham (Philip's younger half brother) and Lloyd Bentsen; Representatives Richard Gephardt and Lee Hamilton; and Jackson. Each man was asked to fill in the answers to 50 questions regarding family and finance. By last Monday, the list was down to four: Glenn, Gore, Bentsen and Hamilton. Jackson was eliminated as too dicey.

That night, after a dinner of leftover Italian food, Dukakis fetched his push lawn mower and went outside to cut the grass and clear his mind. Brountas arrived at Dukakis' home about 10:15, and the two of them were joined at the family's round maple kitchen table by Kitty Dukakis, Campaign Manager Susan Estrich and Director of Operations Jack Corrigan.

Over iced tea, coffee and cookies, they ran through the finalists. All had flaws. Glenn? Not enough of a manager. Gore? Hadn't shown enough maturity. Hamilton? Little known and a weak campaigner. Bentsen? The kitchen cabinet discussed his ties to Big Business and oil interests. Had everything been adequately probed, Dukakis asked? Brountas said Bentsen looked him straight in the eye and answered every tough question. In choosing the Texan, Dukakis also saw himself recapitulating the canny political act of the only other presidential candidate born in Brooklyn.

After making up his mind, Dukakis wanted to act on it. He tried twice that night to reach Bentsen in Washington, but the Senator had turned off the ring on his phone to keep from being awakened by reporters. Dukakis called again at 6:30 the next morning and popped the question. Bentsen turned off his electric razor and said yes. Dukakis decided he would go to his Boston statehouse office before informing anyone else. Thus it was not until after 8:20 that he rang Jackson, who by then was on his way to an airport to fly to Washington. The day before, Jackson had specifically told Brountas that he would be leaving for the airport at 8 a.m. and that he did not want to read who the nomine was in a newspaper.

When Jackson learned of the Bentsen selection from a reporter, he was uncharacteristically silent. This one act seemed to him to symbolize all his complaints about the campaign: that Dukakis had never really considered him for Vice President, that he had never genuinely been consulted or included in the process. At a press conference a few hours later, Jackson began to get even. "I'm too controlled, too mature to be angry," said the clearly angry Jackson. He then suggested that he might allow his name to be placed in nomination for the vice presi-



JACKSON AND HIS WIFE JACKIE BOARD THE RAINBOW EXPRESS IN CHICAGO

A deep and constant craving for acceptance and approbation

dency. "The floor is wide open," he said.

In the next few days, Jackson, the maestro of mixed signals, seemed to lurch between wrath and reconciliation. Bentsen, he said, "represents the Establishment. I represent enthusiasm and energy." In a speech to the N.A.A.C.P. annual convention in Washington, a revived-up Jackson brought the audience to its feet when he cried, "One thing that I know, I may or I may not be on the ticket, but I am qualified. Qualified! Qualified!"

Dukakis went to the N.A.A.C.P. convention, Bentsen in tow, the day after Jackson's defiant speech. Dukakis' uninspiring talk, praising his own record on minority hiring in Massachusetts and barely acknowledging Jackson, did not go down well. "I would not say to Governor Dukakis' people," noted N.A.A.C.P. Leader Benjamin Hooks, "to sit there and think the black vote is in your party."

Dukakis could have spared himself some angst by calling Jackson before 8 a.m. Tuesday. Even allowing for breakfast and a shower, he had the time. Was his failure to do so deliberately designed to show his frustration with what he perceived as Jackson's perpetual grandstanding? More likely it was that the Dukakis inner circle did not want to give the image of kowtowing to Jackson. But Jackson, as Mario Cuomo points out, "is not like the other defeated candidates. Nobody has an influence with him people. Why must Dukakis treat him differently? Dukakis doesn't have to—unless he wants to. Without Jackson's vote, there is no victory."

On Thursday Jackson began a three-day Chicago-to-Atlanta buscapade recall-

ing the Freedom Rides of the '60s. The trip was a vintage Jackson media event; there were six press buses, the largest media contingent he has had in the campaign. As the buses wound their way south, they picked up delegates and evening-news airtime. Jackson also got some of what he craved: by week's end Brountas had called him to apologize for not informing Dukakis about the early departure for the airport. Jackson spoke with Dukakis, and they talked several times over the next few days in an effort to make peace. Estrich and Ron Brown, Jackson's savvy convention manager, who are old friends, planned a series of meetings in Atlanta. Said Brown: "The positive thing is that there's a lot of communication now."

What they need to settle on is a solution that will satisfy Jackson. He maintains that he wants precisely what he has wanted all along—a place at the table, a chance to be truly involved in shaping a new Administration, the same right to be consulted that white leaders with far less of a constituency are accorded.

Whether by oversight or design, the cost of the late call proved far greater than any possible anticipated benefit. It stirred up Jackson and his forces at a time when Dukakis should be preparing to preside over a Democratic love feast in Atlanta. It also seemed to undermine Dukakis' reputation for efficiency and suggest that before the campaign is over, he may have a rendezvous with his own arrogance. If selecting Bentsen, as Dukakis said, is the "first presidential act I will ever do," he had better quickly learn a more presidential way to handle such delicate tasks.

—By Richard Stengel. Reported by Robert Ajemian/Boston, Michael Duffy with Jackson and Michael Riley with Dukakis



Patrician Power Player

In the back rooms and on the tennis court, he knows the game



When his hopeless and long-forgotten 1976 campaign for the presidency ended—and even his last-ditch, favorite-son hopes were thoroughly dashed in his home state by Jimmy Carter—Lloyd Bentsen had still not passed the asterisk level in national name recognition. Twelve years later, at 67, the senior Senator from Texas remains largely unknown outside his home state and Washington. His career has played out in the boardrooms of Houston and the hideaway offices of the Capitol. The backslapping style of a Lyndon Johnson or a John Connally, two of his early supporters, is totally foreign to this patrician son of a wealthy landowner in the Rio Grande Valley. With his well-cut suits, nails that look manicured even when they are not, and silver hair he never lets down, he is Texas without the swagger, the kind of gentleman that stuffy men's clubs were made for.

Bentsen is the oldest vice-presidential nominee since Harry Truman picked Senator Alben Barkley, then 71, in 1948. He lives the life of a comfortable millionaire in Washington's exclusive Kalorama section. He did not give up his Mercedes even when he was shepherding sensitive trade legislation through Congress (although he now drives a Lincoln). His wife of 45 years, Beryl Ann, better known as B.A., is a former model for *Vogue* and *Mademoiselle* who gave up her career to marry Bentsen in 1943. Of the rolling-bandage school of Senate wives, B.A. last year served as first vice chairman of the group's organization, supervising its lunch for Nancy Reagan, and headed up a March of Dimes fund raiser.

The couple spend weekends at their farms outside Middleburg in Virginia's Shenandoah Valley and play power doubles at the annual Senate tournament at John Gardner's tennis ranch when they can get away, although Bentsen prefers singles. With the same understated courtesy he employs in the Senate, when a ball goes close to the line, he inquires with a small smile, "And how do you call the Senator's ball?"

Years ago Bentsen was known as an awesome poker player. He smiles coyly when asked about a game his first year in Congress when he won a house from a fellow Representative.

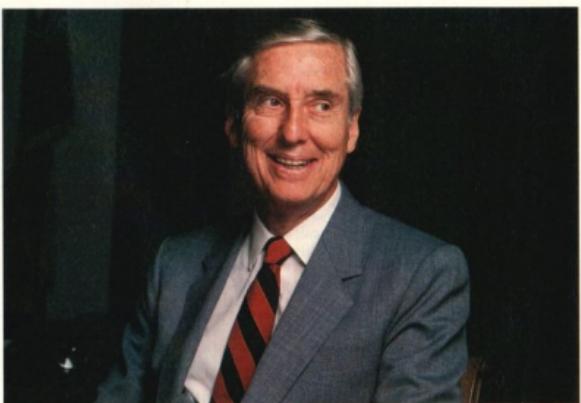
Bentsen's father Lloyd Sr. was well on his way to his first million by the time Lloyd Jr. was born in a small cottage on a dirt road in Mission, Texas. "Big Lloyd" arrived in Texas from South Dakota with \$1.50 in his pocket and became one of the largest landowners in the Rio Grande Valley. He started his empire with a gro-

cery and a land-clearing operation. He hired Mexican laborers to clear the land, and instead of paying them half the contract price, as was the custom, he paid them the full amount—but in scrip good only in the grocery store. Soon he was buying the land he was clearing; the small cottage gave way to a sprawling ranch house with a 27-acre man-made lake stocked with ducks and geese. At 94, Lloyd Sr. is still running the ranching and farming business, with more than 50,000 acres, valued at around \$50 million.

Lloyd Jr. graduated from the University of Texas with a law degree in 1942 and enlisted in the Army. As a bomber pilot in Europe, he flew 50 missions. He was

tate that by 1970 was estimated to be worth \$25 million.

His fortune made, Bentsen returned to politics in 1970, taking on a fellow Democrat and populist icon, Senator Ralph Yarborough. With the help of the L.B.J.-Connally wing of the party, Bentsen won the primary in a brawl that was messy even by Texas standards. Bentsen linked Yarborough with antiraw demonstrations and ran commercials of the uproar outside the 1968 Democratic Convention to make his point. He labeled Senator Edmund Muskie, who came to campaign for Yarborough, an ultra-liberal. Yarborough kicked up dust as well, calling the Bentsens a family of land frauds and exploiters, a reference to lawsuits that were filed against the senior Bentsen and settled out of court. Bentsen's successful general-election race against George Bush was a much more genteel affair.



WELL-CUT SUITS, AND SILVER HAIR HE NEVER LETS DOWN

At 67, he is the oldest vice-presidential nominee since Senator Alben Barkley in 1948

awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross after being shot down twice.

Bentsen returned to Texas in 1945, and at 25 was elected Hidalgo County judge. When he won his House seat two years later, he was its youngest member. He did not make much of a mark in his three terms, and may be best remembered for a speech in 1950 urging that America drop an atom bomb on North Korea unless its troops retreated north of the 38th parallel. Bentsen became one of the youngest members ever to leave the House uneventfully. At 33, complaining that the \$12,500-a-year salary was not enough to raise three children on, Bentsen returned to Texas to start a life-insurance company with a family stake of \$5 million. He eventually built a corporate empire with holdings ranging from banking to real es-

fair: a Houston insurance millionaire and a Houston oil millionaire did not have much to argue about, at least back then. Bentsen won, 53% to 47%, a reflection in part of the huge Democratic majority in Texas.

This time Bentsen cut a wider swath in Washington. In the days before economic chic, he quickly established himself as the Senator with the numbers. His office was hung with spreadsheets and flow charts. In a world of financial illiterates, he became known as a man of probing analysis and computer-chip memory who actually knew how to wend intricate tax breaks for the oil and real estate industries through Congress.

Although Bentsen is proud of representing business interests, he likes to think of himself as a middle-of-the-road

Senator willing to turn left when conviction or politics dictates. He has long been an advocate of civil rights: he opened his Houston hotel to blacks in 1963, before the law required integration and while other major hotels remained segregated. He was one of the few Southern House members to vote for repeal of the poll tax in 1949. Personal circumstances—illness in his family—have softened his view on the Government's role in social programs. He is an advocate of federal health programs for prenatal and neonatal care.

Bentsen has never been a stirring speaker, and in his 1976 try at the presidency he had difficulty rousing crowds. In one campaign stop at the rodeo grounds in Sikeston, Mo., even Minnie Pearl from the Grand Ole Opry could not overcome the lack of excitement gen-

erated by a Bentsen appearance. Some 150 people showed up, sitting in small clumps, a family here, a family there. The desultory clapping only emphasized the vastness of the grandstand and the paucity of the crowd. The second his stump speech was over, Bentsen strode angrily back to his car and shook the Missouri dust off his expensive shoes. A few months later he ended his campaign, but organizers of the event remember that day in Sikeston the way others remember a death in the family. The 1976 race so discouraged Bentsen that he considered not running for re-election in 1982. The lure of becoming chairman of the Senate Finance Committee once the Democrats regained control changed his mind.

That occasioned Bentsen's biggest blunder in Washington. Shortly after he took over as chairman, Bentsen sent a letter to lobbyists and political-action com-

mittees, establishing a breakfast club. For a \$10,000 fee, a lobbyist could have ham and eggs monthly with the Senator. Bentsen was just one of many Senators offering access for money in one of the many variations that hover this side of illegality. But the boldness of the approach and the fact that he had no real re-election challenge that required raising the money caused the Eggs McBentsen affair to unleash a storm of criticism. Bentsen quickly disbanded the club, called the mistake a "doozy," and returned the money. The episode did not damp his fund-raising ability: he has raised over \$5 million for his 1988 Senate campaign. It did, however, give Bentsen a bit more caution, which is the one trait he seems to share with the man who chose him to run for Vice President. —By Margaret B. Carlson. Reported by Hays Gory/Washington and Richard Woodbury/Houston

The Presidency

Hugh Sidey

Boston-Austin Was an Accident

John Kennedy would get a good chuckle out of today's reverence for the 1960 Boston-Austin political partnership meticulously reconstructed by Michael Dukakis with Lloyd Bentsen. Kennedy had planned a Boston-St. Louis axis, which doesn't even rhyme. He intended to run with Missourian Stu Symington.

JFK had pondered the Vice President question very little as the Los Angeles convention approached. His consuming concern was to win a first-ballot nomination. He flew to New York City's Idlewild Airport on Friday night. He and Jackie had a suite in the nearby International Hotel. It was a strange evening. There were only a few reporters around and virtually no Kennedy aides or security people.

Near midnight the Kennedys headed upstairs. Kennedy, costless, sat on a stiff couch with his feet up on a coffee table. He looked boyish, lonely, far from being a world leader. Yet there was a sense of events rushing in on him.

We talked convention mood and figures. As always, Kennedy wanted the latest gossip about Lyndon Johnson. He knew that I had been down with Johnson at his ranch a few weeks earlier and that I had been talking with the Texan right up to the day before. Kennedy and I agreed that L.B.J.'s late lunge at the presidential nomination would fail. But the vice-presidential nomination?

"There is no question in my mind," said Kennedy. "Lyndon would be the best man I could get to run with me. He's a Texan, a Southerner, he knows Congress, Washington, and he has the ability to be President. But I'm convinced he wouldn't take it. He'd be more powerful staying as majority leader. What do you think?"

I concurred and even added a few more doubts. I had gone over the question every which way with L.B.J., until he got irritated and stormed that he would not do the Kennedy family's bidding. He declared that the vice presidency was a worthless job compared with being Senate leader, related the sad tenure of "Cactus Jack" Garner, who had called the office nothing more than a "pitcher of warm spit," and said Speaker Sam Rayburn had told him to stay far away from it. If he could not be President, he would stay in the Senate. Johnson had told me with such rage and finality—his nose an inch from mine—that I chalked him off.

Kennedy listened, grinned, nodded. We both were awed and amused by the tumultuous Johnson. "Have you decided on a vice-presidential nominee?" I asked. "Yes," answered

Kennedy. "Can you tell me?" I asked. "I will if you promise not to publish it," JFK replied. "Senator, don't do that to me," I implored. "We've got two days before the magazine is printed, and I'm sure the name will leak. I don't want to be bound. So don't tell me." Kennedy gave a wry smile, said, "O.K. I won't."

"My hunch is that it will be Stu Symington," I said. Kennedy shrugged, a soft confirmation of sorts. (It was not hardened until the following week, when Kennedy asked Clark Clifford, a Symington friend, to tell the Senator he was the choice.)

Kennedy had one final thought on that night 28 years ago. "We'll have to offer the job to Lyndon, that's for sure. He's a proud man, and he'd be mad if we didn't. He's too big a figure in the party and in the country. He'll enjoy turning it down; then we can make our choice." But he hadn't even thought about a Texan as ambassador.



Johnson was supposed to say no



Born to Bustle

An intimate look at how the striving son of Greek-born parents became a calculating reformer and self-contained manager

By Garry Wills

 If John Kennedy's death stunned the nation, it almost crazed some people in Massachusetts. Those who had been close to Kennedy, in fact or by association, felt as if the bullet had struck them—people in Brookline, where Kennedy was born; in Boston, his political base; in state politics, still charged with the energies of his election. Michael Dukakis, born and raised in Brookline, was serving his first term in the legislature; he was among those exposed to the sharpest sense of loss. He had pointed to Kennedy's career as a model for his own—written college advice to his Senate office, attended as a 26-year-old spectator the convention that nominated him in Los Angeles, invoked his name on the stump. Yet when people all around him were losing their heads at the disaster, Dukakis typically kept his.

The President was shot on a Friday and Lee Harvey Oswald on that Sunday. Two days later, Dukakis turned in his monthly column to the Brookline *Citizen*. There was nothing heightened about this particular column, no private memory of the man or personal emotion expressed. Dukakis deals in consequences, and he did not want emotions let loose by the assassination to be spent unproductively:

Many in the last few days have spoken about the need to recognize and rid the nation of the cancer of hate which has been gnawing at its vitals and which undoubtedly contributed to the President's death. No one can deny the truth of such assertions. But simply to work to rid the nation of fanaticism and hate is, it seems to me, an essential and negative task.

Dukakis thought all the ener-

gies of grief should be channeled into his own current project, the reform of the Massachusetts legislature. He quoted a Kennedy speech on the subject and concluded his column:

Will we pay him heed and will we act on his message until Massachusetts has at last wiped out the stains of incompetence and dishonesty and once again become "the city on the hill" about which John Kennedy spoke almost three years ago today?

That is the essential Dukakis, unswerving from his task, putting everything to use, disdaining waste, even the emotional waste of grieving. Do not

grieve; get the job done. Nothing personal.

As the years passed, he would speak more warmly about Kennedy, and remember even more ties than there were. He now answers "Kennedy" when asked who most drew him toward politics—an answer that intrigues Martin Linsky, a Brookliner who went on, like Dukakis, to the state legislature and Harvard's Kennedy School of Government: "Considering how unlike Kennedy Dukakis is, and how little he knew him, and how different their politics are, it is a typically Dukakis answer—one that reveals absolutely nothing about Michael Dukakis, which is the most revealing thing about it." If anything drove Dukakis into government, it was contempt for the kind of affectionate tales Tip O'Neill tells of the Kennedys in his autobiography—how, for instance, bribes were paid to potential supporters of Jack. But if he could use the death of Kennedy for a noble purpose, he could, clearly, use the man's life in a similar way. He tries to make everything instrumental, even inferior instruments.

Dukakis' revulsion at political corruption descended to details from the outset. He boasted to his constituents, in the year Kennedy died, that "I haven't fixed a ticket." But others in the state were constantly fixing things—a truth dreadfully confirmed for him in 1970, the year he lost his race for the lieutenant governorship. A boozey young driver with Irish political connections hit a campaign car accompanying Dukakis' own from a TV station. When Dukakis rushed to the hospital and saw one aide's head all bloodied, the normally controlled candidate fainted. That aide recovered, but another one in the same car died. Judge Jerome P. Troy, who was later disbarred, assigned the drunken-driving case to a special judge, who let the driver off.

By the time Dukakis took office as Governor four years later, he had been through all the blar-



FATHER PANOS WITH STELLIAN AND MICHAEL, 1944

He makes himself the common denominator of immigrant aspiration and achievement, a kind of Everyethnic.

Garry Wills, Henry R. Luce Professor of American Culture and Public Policy at Northwestern University, is the author of *The Kennedy Imprisonment, Nixon Agonistes and Reagan's America*.



THE DEMOCRATS



ney and jokes about corrupt politics, and he meant to give it a truly last hurrah. His integrity was seen as righteousness, which helped defeat him in his 1978 re-election bid, but he got the job done. Said an omnidirectional fixer named Billy Masiello: "If any one man destroyed me, it was Governor Dukakis. When he came in there were no open hands. And the game was over."

A SUBURB THAT GREW ETHNIC STRIVERS

Where did Dukakis acquire his driven attitude toward clean government? He was in college as part of the '50s "silent generation" charged with conformity and apathy. But Dukakis was never silent. Through student governments and publications, he was always "sounding off"—just as, after launching his political career, he would launch a column, run a regular radio show and become the host of a TV series, *The Advocates*. For all his contained air, he was put into this world to bustle.

He grew up in a volatile and protected community of strivers, where competition was prized and turned into social contribution. Brookline, embedded in Boston, has always considered itself better than Boston. A Revolutionary village, it had become so affluent in the 19th century that it was the first suburb in America to resist the cumbrous embraces of a major metropolis. The defiant localness and privacy remain, along with a communal apartness and vigilant self-government. The Brookline *Citizen* is aptly named. The '50s sense of asocial privacy never reached the inmost core of Brookline.

Dukakis ended his campaign in this year's California primary, simultaneously defeating and flattering Jesse Jackson, boasting that only in America—and only in the Democratic Party—could the party's two finalists for President be the son of poor Greek immigrants and the son of a poor black family in South Carolina. Jackson's aide, Bob Borosage, said wryly when he heard this: "Yeah, only in America can the son of a Brookline doctor from Harvard's medical school, who left his family million-dollar trusts, end up with the illegitimate son of a black woman in South Carolina." Dukakis grew up with the children of middle-class professionals who knew they must keep striving, but who were certain they could affect the world around them. Children grew up early in Brookline—which may be why Dukakis, now 54, has always seemed older than he is (as opposed to Bush, 64, who has always seemed younger than his years).

As happens around people who succeed, there are prophecies "remembered" from Michael's school days about his future prowess. But a classmate, Mikki Ansin, says great things were predicted of many students at that forced-pace high school. "We all got the message—we were headed somewhere." Brookline has been hospitable to strivers—about a third of the population Dukakis grew up with was Jewish. Today about 20% of the community is made up of industrious South Asians.

Classmate Ansin says of Brookline: "A lot of stars came out of that town." But

cursus honorum. Joe Kennedy, the President's father, who had moved to Brookline to launch his banking career, went to Harvard for its social benefits, and sent his sons there for the same reason. Academic matters were secondary. The social benefits of Harvard were a reason for Michael Dukakis *not* to go there. He believes deeply in meritocratic distinctions, which are blurred (if not reversed) by social influence. He went, instead, to the Quaker school Swarthmore, where his love for discipline would be rewarded. The school also gave him a smaller pool in which to establish (as he did) his dominance.

The most interesting thing about Dukakis in his student days is not that he excelled, but that he did so at a predetermined pace. His is not the brilliance that disdains looking at books until the final exam, and then crams. He does not move in spurts, or take things at a gulp. He learned his lessons every day, and left time for other things. He boasts that he never stayed up all night to study—in fact that he never stayed up all night for anything. He early established the arc of his own effort, and maintains that trajectory despite diversions and passing impulses. That is the story of his current campaign for the presidency, and of his first and only Boston marathon, run when he was underage, with such awareness of his resources and the rate of their expenditure that he came in among the top third.

A similar calculation made Dukakis, against the advice of his family and friends, get his Army duty over before going on to law school. Having spent one summer in Peru and one semester in Washington, he had to break off his developing interest in politics for a task he accurately foresaw as one of almost complete boredom. But he must have sensed that Harvard Law—where he was already accepted—would give him opportunities to participate in a larger world of politics, creating a momentum that would be even harder to break. Going to Korea was like going to bed early before a big exam. He already knew enough; he just had to save his energy.

George Bush claims that he had time for deep reflection on the submarine that picked him up in the Pacific (it concentrates the mind to be shot out of the air and lose two crewmates); but Dukakis is not given to meditation, to reading books for their own sake, to what he dismisses as "introspection." His wife says, "I have never seen him read a novel, unless you count Nick Gage's *Elent* as a novel." The Army was something to be done, once,



THE BOY WONDER ON A 1951 TRIP TO WASHINGTON

For all his contained air, he was put in the world to bustle.

In 1951 the predominating star was a senior people already thought of as the Inevitable Michael. He was president of the honor society, good at sports, a trumpeter in the band. "Whatever it was, he ran for it," according to his mother. When he was rated only as the equal of his girlfriend, Sandy Cohen (Bakalar), in French, Michael found out this was because of her superior accent, and he practiced his pronunciation. He did not like losing, even to friends. He signed her yearbook, with a parting flourish, in French. The accent had been conquered.

For many at Brookline High, Harvard was the next rung on the striver's



THE DEMOCRATS

like the marathon, in order for Michael to return to his real business.

THE RISE AND FALL OF A MORAL MANAGER

Moving back into his parents' home in Brookline in 1957, he took up law school and town politics with equal, because measured, intensity. While still a freshman in law school, he ran for the newly established Brookline Redevelopment Authority, a body reflecting the old suburb's continuing resistance to rapid urbanization. He was defeated, despite the skilled campaign work of a fellow law student, F.X. (Fran) Meaney.

The next year, as a sophomore, Dukakis won a more important race, becoming a town-meeting representative. He ran with the help of a bright group of young Brookliners, many of them Jewish, who were consciously taking control of the town meeting on their way to bigger battles. Forming an organization called the C.O.D. (Commonwealth Organization of Democrats), they were not crusaders devoted to a single ideology. Reform for them meant putting better people into government, enforcing laws, ending graft.

In the early days of the C.O.D., the Brookliners and their allies ran each other's campaigns, coordinated their movements, agreed on slates to bring their joint efforts to bear for everyone's benefit. Sometimes one would defer to another, as Sumner Kaplan did to Dukakis by opening up his own seat on the legislature for his protégé to succeed him in 1963, or when Fran Meaney left another candidate's campaign to help Dukakis. The first break in this code came in 1969 after Dukakis had agreed to run for attorney general against Elliot Richardson while Beryl Cohen, an ally from his high school days, would run for Lieutenant Governor. When Nixon took Richardson to Washington, the legislature filled the attorney general's post with a Democrat, and Dukakis had no clear shot at the office. So he switched, and took aim at Cohen's slot, the lieutenant governorship. Dukakis felt or feigned surprise that Cohen would take this departure from the game plan as enough to end their friendship. It was just a matter of who could do the job better. Nothing personal.

The '60s were torn with passion, from the death of Kennedy through the civil

rights and antiwar demonstrations, culminating for Boston in the great antibusing struggle in the early 1970s. Michael Dukakis' great cause in this decade was no-fault automobile insurance. He waged a sustained campaign for this reform, which took endless litigation out of the tainted Massachusetts courts. It was a solid, valuable reform, imitated in other states, hard to dramatize, but for that reason amenable to sustained argument of the sort Dukakis is good at. On the other, emotional issues of the time, Dukakis voted "correctly" for a liberal. After all, in Massachusetts even Republican Governor Sargent signed a law challenging the constitutionality of the Viet Nam War. But Dukakis did not march or protest. He agreed with most of the goals, but did not think "demonstrating" an effective tool. Emotional binges are like staying up all

oikonomia (literally, house management) the optimum disposal of one's resources. Bush's claim that Dukakis has fetched politics from some liberal boutique Harvard could not be further from the truth. He was never susceptible to it. He does not shop boutiques, but bargains in basements, wanting the same old things at a better price.

Given his record, his friends should not have been surprised at his dramatic rectitude when he took office as Governor in 1974. He had schemed with them when they were fighting the entrenched powers—who were bad men, after all, had to be treated with some of their weapons. Now, however, when good were in office, the old practices would be abolished. The Dukakis people were ready for that. What they failed to anticipate was that Dukakis would not be

that even they were as good as he needed. Even legitimate dealings with state agencies were suspect if engaged in by his friends. Sumner Kaplan was denied a judgeship for which he was clearly qualified. Fran Meaney would have been denied an equally justifiable contract if he had not accepted it at the price of Dukakis' friendship. Michael expected his friends to be above mixing public service and any private gain. Even minor political favors—summer jobs, special license plates—were ostentatiously abolished; a lottery was set up to distribute summer jobs. Not only was Dukakis unyielding on his promise not to raise taxes (it was a word), but he also showed no compunction when man services were cut to the bone.

The people who brought him into office began to feel like Alcibiades in Plato's *Symposium*. After a night of trying to seduce Socrates, Alcibiades

CHANNELED FERVOR: REFORMING AUTO INSURANCE IN 1967

His claims are more moral than technocratic. He first wanted integrity. Efficiency followed on that.

night—they throw one's schedule off. Vote, if that will do it; argue, if you have to; and if votes and arguments will not (yet) avail, then do not waste time lamenting. On the busing issue, he refused to join either camp, suggesting there must be a third position that would serve to end discussion, not continue it.

WHAT *OIKONOMIA* REALLY MEANS

On money matters, Dukakis likes to remember the way his father always urged on him "*Oikonomia! Oikonomia!*" That applies to more than the price of a non-Filene's suit. The Greek ideal of *oikonomia* (literally, house management) the optimum disposal of one's resources. Bush's claim that Dukakis has fetched politics from some liberal boutique Harvard could not be further from the truth. He was never susceptible to it. He does not shop boutiques, but bargains in basements, wanting the same old things at a better price.

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The people who brought him into office began to feel like Alcibiades in Plato's *Symposium*. After a night of trying to seduce Socrates, Alcibiades

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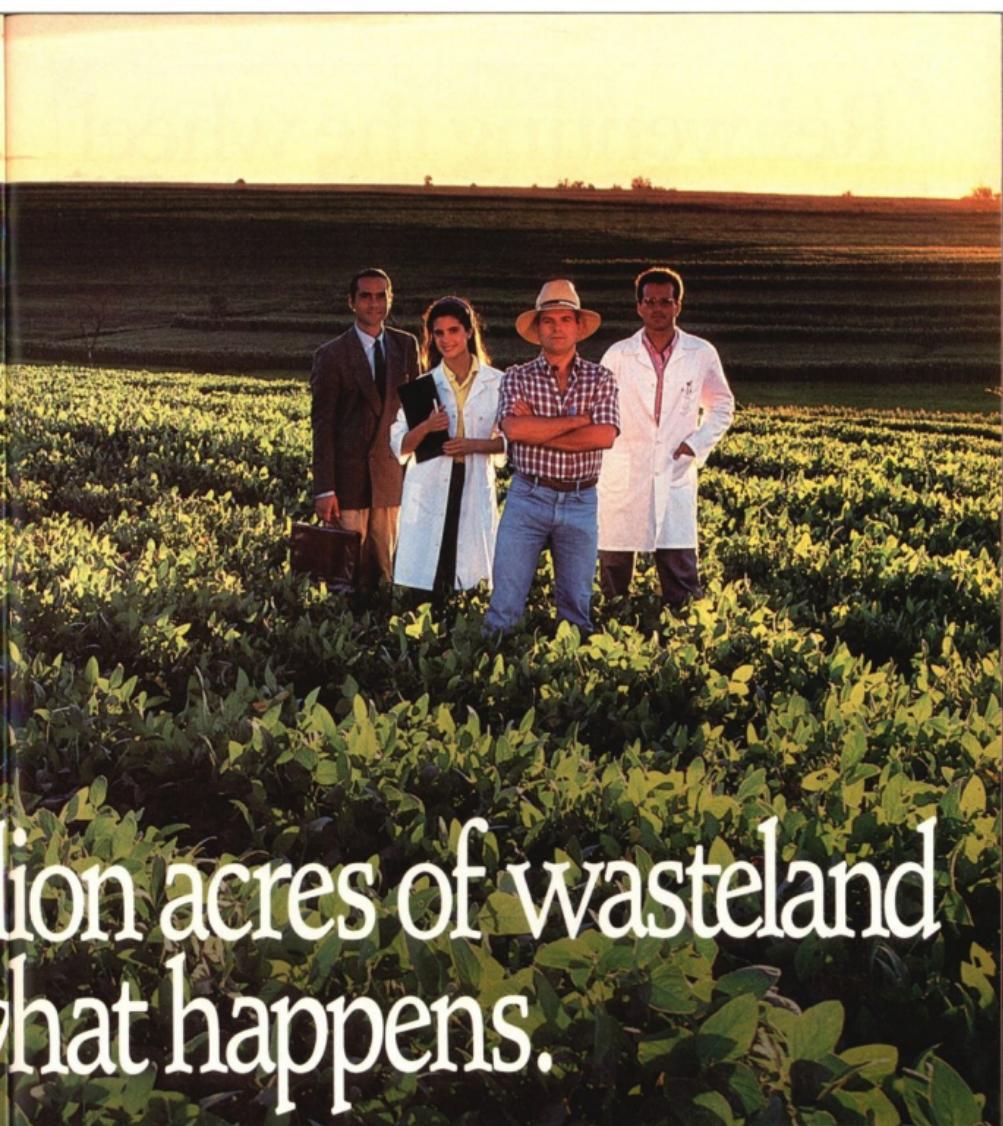
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the damage his resistance had caused to programs for the poor, the first term became a success. He did clean up Massachusetts politics. He brought rational organization to the agencies and the courts. He was so involved in these procedural improvements that he did not notice the failure of his loyalists to return to him. Now it was his turn to be baffled and rejected. He had not seen the loss coming, which made it fall on him more thunderously. It shook his self-confidence, which is his central virtue.

THE MYTH OF THE REDEMPTIVE LOSS

It hurt. But he would take an odd glee, in years to come, publicly describing how much it hurt. The defeat, carefully reconsidered, became his Redemptive Loss, the thing that would absolve Dukakis of former insensitivities. Hurt became a passport to the world of vulnerability. Because of the stress on this humanizing defeat, an impression has spread that Dukakis never suffered political loss before. That helped explain his first term as an aberration—Dukakis was just stunned, for a while, by his sense of the sacredness of public trust.

But he had, in fact, lost political races before—his first one, for the Brookline Redevelopment Authority, in 1958; his try at the attorney general's post in 1966; and at the Lieutenant Governor's in 1970. He had departed from public office—from the legislature to make his 1970 race, whose loss left him in private practice for a while. Besides, he had known personal loss in the brutal deaths of his brother and his aide in car fatalities.

Nor did he need the Redemptive Loss to learn that he had to loosen up at times. His marriage to Kitty—by his buttoned-up standards a wastrel, undisciplined in her smoking and language, electric with impulses he lacked or leashed in (he did not know then that amphetamines were helping her)—had been an early recognition that there must be some allowed compartment of the random in his life. Through her he enjoys a vicarious spontaneity. They have a *totaliter alter* marriage, reversing each other's tastes and temperaments. Others cannot live up to his standards. She is allowed to have a different set of standards altogether.

Admittedly his earlier losses had been expected or deemed possible by Dukakis—just as his losing votes in the legislature had been when he first went there. But those losses he meant to use on the



In 1976, A GOVERNOR WHO RAN IN STREET SHOES

He was always the inevitable Michael. He did not have to make any frantic effort to pass marker after marker on his privately charted marathon.

way to larger victories. In retrospect, he brought the Redemptive Loss within that same scheme. It would make him a better Governor the next time—just you wait and see. His mother would take up the theme: All had happened for the best. Dukakis even came to take a kind of perverse credit for the loss, emphasizing that "I should never have lost," and "It was mine to lose," and "I blew it." Ed King was not big enough figure to do in Michael Dukakis. Only Dukakis could do that.

Dukakis formulated to himself the optimistic concept of the Redemptive Loss while he was at the Kennedy School of Government. But he did not go there like other defeated politicians, to trade campaign anecdotes for some academic polish. That would have been too much like going to Harvard for the social benefits. He went there as he had gone to Swarthmore, to compete and contribute.

There was resistance to his coming, even as a full-time teacher and program organizer (rather than a visiting celebri-

ty). The Kennedy School was from its founding in 1936 rather defensive about its academic legitimacy. Renamed in the '60s, during a time of heady confidence in the application of economic methods to social problems, it stressed the "hard sciences" as a basis for formulating public policy. The students' course evaluations bear the memory of that time, listing the mathematical and statistical skills needed for taking each course. That was a period when game theory was hot, and such games can all be played in the mind. "Field experience" does not make one a theoretician.

Thus Thomas Schelling, a game theorist, opposed Dukakis' appointment. To this day he says, "He could not have made his career in the academy; the scholarly writing was not there." And he notes with satisfaction that the people Dukakis took from the school when he went back into government were his fellow "practitioners" on temporary duty by the Charles, including (Schelling adds, with a grimace) "our building manager." But others think Dukakis gave to the Kennedy School more than he took from it. Mary Jo Bane, who is responsible for the school's poverty studies, is partly mocking but serious too when she says, "We used to be technocrats, but we're born again." Albert Carnesale, the academic dean, agrees that Dukakis refocused the school from lofty federal projects to more nitty-gritty state and local issues. He began the summer program for state and local officials that

continues with great success. Mark Moore, the specialist in criminal justice, says, "Other politicians who come in have three problems with the place. First, there is status shock. They are reduced from having their own staff to sitting in a cubbyhole." That never bothered Dukakis, who showed up on his bicycle every day. "Second is the [graduate school] student body, skeptical and older than the politician was expecting, often with more academic training than he has." Dukakis loves to be challenged and found no problem there. "Then there are the classes themselves. Other politicians come in, spend the first sessions on the political lessons they have learned in a lifetime, and then wake up to the horrible realization that there are another 30 hours to fill. Michael prepared his syllabus ahead of time, knew his cases, had done all the readings." Pacing a course offered little challenge to the man who never stayed up at night to cram. He opened up to discussion, becoming a very popular teacher.



While Dukakis was attracting talent to himself at Harvard, Ed King was proving an irresistible lure for incompetents and their predators in the statehouse. Leftovers from Dukakis' time, realizing how good things had been in the "bad old days," leaked embarrassing material on their clown-king, channeling it through Dukakis' government-in-exile to the Boston *Globe*. The bad people were undoing Dukakis' reforms, and he went after them with his first ferocity, encouraging the leaks, playing up the grudge match he would win with King in 1982.

He took great satisfaction in that victory, but it did not look like smugness this time. He had found a political operative, John Sasso, for whom, as in Kitty's case, he cleared a certain area of relaxation within his more rigid general framework. He pursued the same goals in his second term as in his first, but with more accommodating methods. A few deals and favors could be done, if he was not directly involved. There are some things about Kitty that her husband does not want to measure with a calibrated knowledge—how much she smokes, what pills she took, what her dresses cost. In the same way, as was shown during the Biden-tape episode last year, there were some things about Sasso that Dukakis did not want to know too much about.

The better Massachusetts voters have come to know Dukakis in recent elections, the more they have liked him, though there is some uncertainty about how well the populace knows him at all. For many, he is as simple as a declarative sentence written in an unknown language. He is enigmatic precisely because he seems to contain no mysteries. In rapidly changing times, he has changed remarkably little. As one of his teachers, Paul Ylvisaker, says, "Michael is the most consistent person I know. He is the same as when I taught him at Swarthmore."

WHAT MOTIVATES A GREEK EVERYETHNIC

Brookline clearly helped to shape him. But the great influences or agitations of his times did little to disturb his course—the silent '50s, the Kennedy years, the civil rights movement, the antiwar protests, Watergate, or Reagan's greedhead '80s. Through it all, Dukakis has been busy about his own business. He goes serenely toward his chosen target, like a humming bullet; and how is one to handle or take

apart such a smoothly moving pellet?

The best way to find a bullet's intent is to look at the firing apparatus that sent it on its way. What was Michael Dukakis' impelling force? He answers that it is as simple, and as grand, as the American dream of immigrant success, a sound if obvious answer. His parents are textbook cases of the hard workers who turn opportunity into achievement. If any cost was paid, it was by the one member of the family, Michael's older brother Stelian, who could not keep up with his parents' rapid pace in America. While Dukakis' father

ing their way to independent property.

His Greek identity would be clear to a person of Dukakis' intelligence growing up in a house where his grandmother spoke only Greek. Stelian and Michael had a second language they could use when they did not want their schoolmates to understand them (as Dukakis even now uses Greek with his aide Nick Mitropoulos when he does not want reporters to know what they are saying). His mother told Michael the Greek myths when he was a child. He thought there was something special about being a Greek, and there is.

Precisely because he lacked the rub of real Greeks around him in the playground, being Greek was internalized as a concept more prescriptive than descriptive. When he first visited Greece, he was put off for a while by the gritty reality, the undisciplined actual citizens of Athens. That was not what being Greek meant to him. His was an older and more demanding ideal.

His mother and father met because of their Greek ties. Euterpe Boukis' brother told her there was a handsome Greek in a visiting company of college players who had acted Euripides' *Hippolytus*. She met, briefly, the man who played the lead role and who was on his way back to college. He marked in his mind this schoolgirl for his bride, a typically Greek way of deciding, and came back for her after he finished his studies. Panos Dukakis was an Anatolian Greek (from the region of Troy), and his parents

were from Lesbos.

When Jules Dassin adapted Euripides' *Hippolytus* for the screen in 1962, with Anthony Perkins as the Hippolytus character, Panos and Euterpe went to see again the play that had brought them together. It had special meaning for them. *Hippolytus* is the tale of a man too good for his own good. Intent on his pursuits, impervious to the demonic, he will not notice the gods' dreadful poisher being made above his head. The play deals with a recurrent flaw in the Greek ideal. Martha Nussbaum, in her profound study of ancient Greek ethical standards, *The Fragility of Goodness*, argues that self-sufficiency was a standard for the city that individuals tried to appropriate for themselves, with tragic results. Even Plato came to realize that he had sealed his Socrates off from human feeling by making him so independent of others. Later, he tried to rescue his Socrates from the fault of perfection, allowing him a bit of (measured) love for others and dependence on



RAISED WITH A GRANDMOTHER WHO SPOKE ONLY GREEK

A recurrent flaw in the Greek ideal is the notion that individuals can be self-sufficient.

was learning English and going to Harvard, his mother was learning English and graduating as a Phi Beta Kappa from college (a rare achievement for any woman in the '20s). His mother, especially, saw the advantages of mobility in American life. She not only learned English but perfected an accentless (almost Massachusetts-less) diction, to go with her schoolteacher's insistence on precise terms and correct behavior.

But these immigrants did not just land on the shore from anywhere or nowhere. They came from Greece. The significance of that fact can be lost because Dukakis did not grow up with a Greek community around him or with any deep involvement in the Orthodox Church (the center of community life for most Greek immigrants). The customary way of putting this—the endlessly repeated comment that Dukakis is "no Zorba"—illustrates the poverty of our image of Greeks in general, as well as the unobtrusive way that Greeks have fit into American life, quietly work-

them. Desire, he conceded, must drive the soul, but with a reined-in "craziness."

Dukakis, obviously, is no Hippolytus. He has given his hostage to the gods of love in Kitty. He can be moved by the plight of others; he can faint at the bloody reality of pain, be disarmed at the sight of real Athenians, waver when his friend misleads him about a campaign trick. But he does radiate to voters his own sense of being chosen. Sam Beer, Harvard's famous professor of government, who taught Dukakis at Swarthmore, says, "He was born to rule." He was always the Inevitable Michael. Things fall into place for him as by plan; he does not have to make any frantic effort to pass marker after marker on his privately charted marathon. Whether his actual first words were, as his mother likes to remember, *monos mou*, "all by myself," they have become the memory that gives her son his identity.

DEALING WITH DISORDER

He moves nimbly on his mental map because all parts of it are equally clear. It does not fuzz off at the edges or border on larger mysteries. You do not fade from this map; you are either there, firmly placed, or you fall off. Stelian fell off. Stelian was the older brother, who did first all the things that Michael rapidly did better. But Stelian was soft, gentle and more social, vulnerable. He was partly a boyhood role model for Michael and partly a competitor to be surpassed (as friends have been since Sandy Cohen's day). Their mother admits that the boys, though close and loving, were intense in their rivalry, and Michael, the younger, was the eventual winner in every arena.

Then, in 1951, the year Michael graduated from high school, his brother, already in college, suffered some fatal wound to that self-confidence the Dukakis-Boukis marriage was meant to instill. Stelian attempted suicide, and was committed to mental care. He lived on, erratically, for 22 more years, haunting the outskirts of his brother's career, organizing with him in the heady days of the C.O.D., winning his own term on the town-meeting committee, then changing party, competing for the votes of his parents (who had to change their registration to Republican when Stelian was on that ticket), trying to sabotage a campaign by his brother. In 1973 his bike was hit by a runaway driver; he lingered in the hospital for four months before dying.

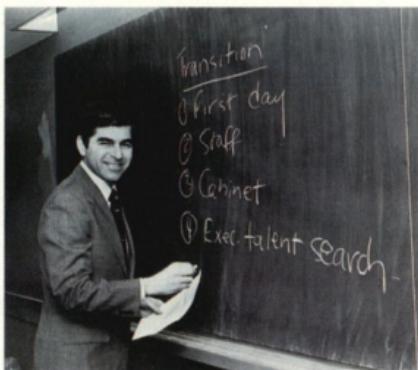
a partly shameful mystery to his family.

Especially a mystery, one would think, to Michael. Stelian was the only other Greek boy who had grown up in the same circumstances. Michael had no Greek kids in the neighborhood, peers or rivals, to compare himself with—as Mario Cuomo, for instance, had a swarm of Italian friends to gauge himself against. In Michael's formative early years, there was not only *monos mou* but also *thyos mas* ("we two"). When Stelian, the soft one, went under, Michael, the quicker one, must have made something of that. But

prehensiveness of knowledge, he makes up for in concentration, in the ability to focus on a problem and sort out practical solutions to it. Furthermore, by emphasizing his family's general success story, he makes himself the common denominator of immigrant aspiration, a kind of Every-ethnic, ecumenical and assimilated. His individualism appeals to an American (as well as ancient Greek) ideal of self-sufficiency. The outsider riding in to handle a problem is part of our myth. Dukakis' unswerving optimism is an advantage when dealing with an electorate that likes that quality, whether displayed by a Franklin Roosevelt or a Ronald Reagan. Attempts to hedge Dukakis into compromising company—as a Kennedy spender, or a Harvard liberal, or game-theory technocrat, or Carter-Mondale moper—run up against the serenely enclosed quality of his individualism.

His record in Massachusetts is impressive despite the inevitable imperfections. He deserves credit for the orderly management of a prosperity of which he was more the beneficiary than the cause. He is a meritocrat to his bones, with great respect for equity (if not quite a passion for equality). His claims are more moral than technocratic. He first wanted integrity. Efficiency followed on that. Though he was excessively rigid in his first term, and comparatively lax in his second, the practical result is that he cleaned up Massachusetts, an Augean task, enough to make anyone who did it a Greek hero.

Washington, these days, may well remind Dukakis of the Massachusetts he grew up in. In Ed Meese's town, fending off indictments could follow swift upon the oath of office. Simply to lever the White House out of its sleaze may prove a major feat of moral engineering. There is a more immediate need for management than for ideology in the demoralized departments and scandal-ridden White House. Dukakis, now cagey as well as righteous, may be fitted for a task that will require some rectitude. He has become like Plato's later Socrates, carefully programmed to look less programmed, admitting desire but reining it in, measuredly "crazy" like a fox. Sam Beer says that he finds in Dukakis a leadership like that of Franklin Roosevelt, the man often called a combination of the lion and the fox. So far, Dukakis has half of that act perfected. The rest of the campaign may find us looking for some signs of the other half, the lion.



TEACHING AT THE KENNEDY SCHOOL IN 1979

He is as simple as a declarative sentence written in an unknown language. He is enigmatic precisely because he seems to contain no mysteries.

we cannot know what—he is quietly respectful of his brother's memory, and incurious. He has forgotten many of his brother's bizarre actions, including—most significantly—his suicide attempt. Stelian is off the map. His brother was not Greek after all, as Michael understands Greek self-reliance and achievement.

Even Kitty is sometimes off the map, when Michael does not want to know what she is doing. She tells the famous story of hiding her dresses for years in her father's house so Michael would not see how many she had bought—which means he did not keep track of the ones she wore. She walks on the border of his clear mental map, usually there but sometimes not. So did Sasso, proving that Dukakis can combine intimacy with a person and a carefully determined distance from some aspects of them, a distance so great as to defeat his vision.

Whatever Dukakis may lack in com-



Atlanta: A City of Changing Slogans

It was never really the City Too Busy to Hate, but it is a town that is still hustling to escape its own roots

By Calvin Trillin



I spent a year in the Gate City to the South, which was then still known to some as the Dogwood City, around the time it was trying to become the City Too Busy to Hate. That's the way people in Atlanta might think of it, and that's the way I think of it. We share a weakness for slogans. This was at the beginning of the '60s, and I was a reporter covering the civil rights story. Those who traveled the South back then—reporters or regional auditors or salesmen with the Southeast territory—came to roost at the end of the week in Atlanta precisely because it was the Gate City to the South: we needed the airport. They used to say that someone who died in the South might go to heaven, but he'd have to change planes in Atlanta.

Even in those days, when Atlanta's stature was based on the access it afforded to places like Valdosta and Meridian and Demopolis, it had what you might call international aspirations. When I was in the company of civic boosters, they would begin by telling me about how many FORTUNE 500 companies were represented in the city and how much higher in altitude and more westerly in longitude it was than anyone might have imagined—anyone, they must have meant, who had never met an Atlanta booster. Then, if there was a lull in the conversation, they would sometimes say, "You know, Atlanta is the fourth target on the Kremlin's map of nuclear destruction."

I usually found myself stuck for a reply. It was difficult enough to conjure up the picture of Soviet generals—hefty, beetle-browed men in bulky overcoats—leaning over a map while the Air Marshal for Nuclear War Contingency Planning says, "Then we'll get Atlanta and take out all the Southeastern branch offices in one swoop." Even if that were the Russians' plan, how would Atlanta people know about it? A Chamber of Commerce mole in the Kremlin? Even if they knew about it, why would they boast about it? Who wants to be up toward the front in a queue awaiting annihilation?

Sooner or later, I realized that Atlanta, which has always been preoccupied

with its image, can view almost any event as just another opportunity to shine. Even General Sherman's burning of Atlanta has been a matter of pride, central to the saga of a great city rising from the ashes, although Sherman did not exactly "burn Atlanta." He did destroy whatever was of value to the Confederate war effort, but, according to Franklin Garrett, the city's official historian, Atlanta suffered less damage during the war than Columbia, S.C., or Richmond, Va. When was the last time you heard anything about Columbia, S.C., rising from the ashes?

Although the City Too Busy to Hate is a motto associated with the beginning of Atlanta's desegregation, the sentiment it expressed—what I always thought of as Babbittry over Bigotry—has been a dominating sentiment at least since 1886, when Henry Grady, one of the founding fathers of Atlanta boosterism, expressed his dreams for a New South. When I lived there, the tension built into its attempt to become the City Too Busy to Hate was apparent. Although what it had to sell was its connection to the South, its national ambitions called for a constant struggle to escape the South—particularly the South's reputation for being backward and racist. In those days, the struggle did not always go well. A lot of Atlanta's residents were not, in fact, too busy to hate. Occasionally, they even found the time to toss dynamite in the direction of some of the people they hated.

Now, a quarter-century later, Atlanta, it is said, has finally shaken off the dust of Georgia. What had been Forrest Street—named for General Nathan Bedford Forrest, Grand Wizard of the original Ku Klux Klan—is now named in memory of Ralph McGill, the anti-racist newspaperman who was once derided as Rastus McGill by people who now speak reverentially of his contribution to the community. The city's best-known monument is not a statue to the Confederate fallen, but the grave of Martin Luther King Jr. The civil rights activists who once used Atlanta's airports to travel the South, organizing the struggle, are now in City Hall: these days, they travel the world, organizing high-rise office building projects.

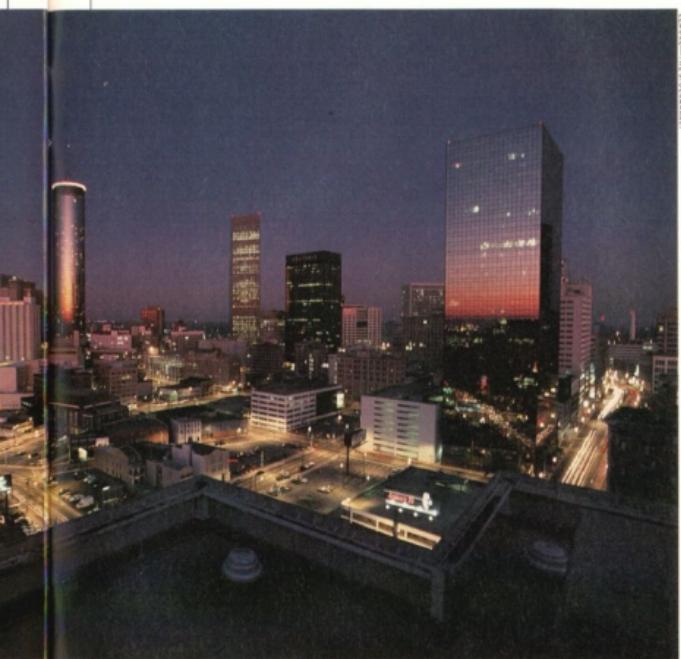
Atlanta now has the standard characteristics of a national city. Travelers arriv-



ing in its vast, ultra-modern airport guided on what seems like an almost endless journey toward the outside world disembodied voice that speaks standard American English—the Southern woman who recorded it having been instructed to purge her speech of any componee complications. It can match just about any Northern city in the splendor of its high-rises or the poverty of those who are sometimes spoken of as living "in the shadow of the bulldozer." The white residents of most of its neighborhoods have fled to suburban communities where they prefer traffic jams to participation in an underground transportation system that could bring black people out of the way. When all is said and done, Atlanta's economy still has a lot to do with Atlanta's access to places like Valdosta and Meridian and Demopolis—I have heard the city described as "a bunch of buildings and roads next to the Atlanta airport"—but I suspect no one has called it Gate City to the South for years.

In the South of the Gate City era, as all, a city's commercial health was measured in how many years had passed since it built an office building. Every time I return to Atlanta these days, an entire neighborhood has been forested

Calvin Trillin began his career in 1960 as a TIME correspondent in Atlanta. He has written twelve books, including *If You Can't Say Something Nice, Killings and Alice, Let's Eat*.



used to feel like Georgia. They wonder whether the point of being liberated from the South really was to live in someplace that isn't anywhere at all. Late in the evening, after a few drinks, they are likely to say that Atlanta has no soul. I asked the novelist Pat Conroy, who lives there, why there is no modern novel that portrays Atlanta in the way that *The Moviegoer* and *A Confederacy of Dunces* portray New Orleans. "It's hard to write 400 pages about white bread," he said.

If Atlanta does have a soul, some people think, it is the soul of black folks. When it comes to the black experience in this country, Atlanta has been a national city for a very long time—not just the headquarters of the movement but a center of black education and place where black people amassed capital early on and developed a solid and prosperous middle class. Atlanta didn't make its progress in race relations because of any blissful absence of bigotry—it has always had its full share of violent racism—but because an organized and resourceful black community constantly pushed a white leadership that was at least pragmatic. Now it is said to be a land of opportunity for black managers—who, during the day, mix easily with whites. It also has a huge black underclass reflected in a poverty rate that is the second highest of any American core city. When I lived in Atlanta, at the height of the struggle, the interests of poor black people and well-off black people seemed identical. To some extent, their interests still coincide. But a poor black person living in a crumbling slum may have good reason to feel that triumphs of well-off black people have nothing to do with his life. The well-off black people, after all, have their own suburbs.

I don't suppose a lot of white people in Atlanta spend much time talking about its underclass or its soul. They talk about what a splendid place it is to live and about how many people have dug in their heels when faced with transfer to the office parks and new suburbs of some other city. They find Atlanta relatively free of the dreaded insects of Southern summers (because it is higher in altitude than anyone might imagine) and conveniently located (because it is more westerly in longitude than anyone might imagine).

The boosters still talk about such advantages. But, with the Democratic Convention finally about to bring what they see as certification of Atlanta as a national city, they also have the next stage to worry about: becoming an international city. Actually, there was a period about ten years ago when Atlanta featured as its motto the World's Next Great City, but, an advertising man who had to work with the motto told me, "it had a credibility problem. If you told someone in some place like New York that Atlanta was the World's Next Great City, he'd say, 'Hey, gimme a

high-rises. Twenty years ago, the Hyatt Regency, the prototype for the new boffo-lobby hotels that were in fashion for a while, was a tourist attraction, drawing sightseers to look at its 23-story atrium and its glass elevators that went, as they said at the time, "clean through the roof" to a revolving restaurant in a giant blue dome. The Hyatt Regency became the symbol of the city, in the tradition of New York's Empire State Building and San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge—so much so that people who wanted to commit suicide in a showy way started diving from its upper floors into the lobby. Today the Hyatt Regency can't even be seen from most parts of downtown. It's dwarfed by higher buildings. There is no longer much point in diving into its lobby.

As a national city, Atlanta is now so removed from the rest of the state that you sometimes hear talk of "two Georgias"—meaning modern prosperous Atlanta and backward, impoverished everything else. Atlanta is free at last. The traces of a Georgia town—a big Georgia town, but still a Georgia town—are gradually disappearing, as the suburban office parks fill up with Yankees. Even people who sound like they might be from Georgia seem to be

SEEKING TO ESCAPE THE PAST

In the shadow of the great office towers, visitors persist in asking to see Tara.

disappearing. *Atlanta* magazine ran a story called *The Vanishing Southerner*—a character who can be heard, as he fades away, grumbling that all the places that used to serve barbecue have been turned into places that serve sun-dried tomatoes.

In Atlanta, as in a lot of other national cities, the large commercial institutions have passed from the hands of home-grown proprietors into the hands of itinerant managers. The middle-management hordes in the suburban office parks don't seem to have much to do with the city of Atlanta; some of them have hardly ever been there. Doug Marlette, the editorial cartoonist of the Atlanta *Constitution*, has been one of those lamenting the gentrification and homogenization and suburbanization of the city. In his comic strip, *Kudzu*, Marlette sums up what is happening in one evocative word: Bubbacide.

What seems to be troubling the people who are concerned about Bubbacide is not a nostalgia for watery greens as a main course or for men wearing sheets; it's that they think there is nothing to replace what



THE DEMOCRATS



break," Now it is said that reality has caught up to the motto.

"Atlanta's now a great city in one way only," Pat Conroy wrote in a letter to the *Constitution* last fall. "It's a fabulous city for business." The business statistics tossed off now are not about branch offices but about facilities of foreign companies. The airport is spoken of not as simply a place to catch a plane to Meridian but as a place to catch a plane to London. In the dreams of the boosters, the final certification of international-city status will come when Atlanta, which has the American designation in the competition for host

city of the 1996 Olympic Games, emerges as the International Olympic Committee's choice. Then everyone will come and see that Atlanta is indeed the World's Next Great City.

That slogan presumably can't be featured a second time, though. In fact, Atlanta hasn't actually settled on a slogan for its next stage. In a *Wall Street Journal* piece last winter, John Helyar suggested that in the spirit of New York as the Big Apple and New Orleans as the Big Easy, Atlanta might be known as the Big Hustle, but the suggestion was not received warmly. The Chamber is temporarily using the

slogan of the Convention and Visitors Bureau: "Look at Atlanta Now." It emphasizes the contemporary partly because a remarkable number of visitors, presumably oblivious to the century of hustling that has gone into transforming Atlanta into a modern national city, persist in envisioning it as it existed in Margaret Mitchell's antebellum fantasies: they stand in the shadow of Atlanta's great office towers and ask to see Tara. "Look at Atlanta Now" may be replaced in time, but there are no obvious candidates. "The Business of America is Business" has, of course, already been used. ■

Potlikker to Profiteroles

If they can tear themselves away from the platform debates, delegates just might discover something they can all agree on: Atlanta has become a diverting place in which to eat. As it has blossomed into a cosmopolitan city, it has spawned restaurants that serve more than the down-home fare associated with the South. Even so, visitors should first sample the native cuisine. That includes such obvious specialties as crunchy fried chicken with livers and other giblets, fork-tender country-fried steak, braised pork chops, fried catfish and black-eyed peas. To these are added local esoterica like potlikker, a bracing broth that results from cooking pork with greens and is best accented with a dash of Tabasco. Small wonder that to some this is known as soul food.

Rewarding pickings can be found at *Paschal's*, near downtown, a coffee shop and restaurant that has been a meeting place for black politicians since the early '60s, where the fried chicken is at its crackling, greaseless best. Also dependably authentic are *Mary Mac's*, a huge and casual midtown restaurant, and the sedately relaxed *Thelma's Kitchen*, which is within walking distance of the Omni Arena. Careful eaters, however, should avoid two hyped, touristic embarrassments: the schmaltzy, pricey *Pittypat's Porch* and the dank, depressing *Aunt Fanny's Cabin*.

The best specimens of barbecued beef, chopped pork and baby back ribs are at *Aleck's Barbeque Heaven*, a tiny tumbldown shack that slices up lean, tender meat flavored with counterpoints of woody smoke and black pepper, complemented by a thin, brassy sauce unmarred by sweeteness. Runners-up include the *Auburn Avenue Rib Shack*, in the historic black downtown area of Sweet Auburn, and *Harold's Barbeque*, the site of the best-quality meats, the most comfortable dining room and, sadly, the stickiest, sweetest sauce.

For a taste of the real Atlanta, every delegate should "drop a dog at the *Varsity*." This sprawling landmark is where the pillars of society line up with hot pollo for chili-topped hot dogs, cayenne-zapped onion rings and a cool, thick orange frosting. And to see local journalists at play, conventioneers can go to *Manuel's Tavern*, the spot for cold beer,

spicy Buffalo chicken wings, lusty chili and burgers.

Although Atlanta is hardly on the cutting edge of innovative cookery, it does have several elegant and creditable outposts of haute Continental cuisine. At the top of the list is **103 West**. It is discouraging at first glance, gussied up with enough faux-everything kitsch to make one wish for a machete to clear a path to a table. However, once one is seated, delights appear, marred only occasionally by a lax waiter or an overdone duck. There are sublimely puffy lump-crabmeat cakes and tender veal chops with morels. Not to be missed: profiteroles filled with foie gras. The kitchen also serves an original version of pot-au-feu for which the succulently moist, tarragon-scented chicken arrives with leeks and angel-hair pasta, not in the traditional bowl with soup but on a plate mantled with a cream-and-chicken-stock sauce.

More sophisticated and restrained is the **Hedgerose Heights Inn**, where the chef-partner, Heinz Schwab, executes stylish versions of his native Swiss dishes, along with delicate nouvelle inventions. His most celebrated dishes: his version of the Russian meat-filled turnovers, known as piroshki; which he nestles on an herbaceous bearnaise sauce; roast breast of pheasant with Swiss chard and a mellow stew of apples and pears; and roseate medallions of venison with wild mushrooms and a cream-lightened game sauce. Only the spatzel are too dry, and the classic Swiss pastas and simply sautéed veal or fish dishes.

For those eager to stay close to the convention area, one option is *Bugatti* in the Omni Hotel, which offers decent, if second-rate, Italian food in a comfortable setting. Far better is **Nikola's Roof**, atop the Atlanta Hilton. Despite an annoying 6:30 and 9:30 seating policy and an altogether corny menu recitation, the sparkling little supper club offers winy hot borscht, herbed rack of lamb, roasted guinea hen in a lemony olive sauce and a gently sweet banana-almond soufflé. Asked why there was not more Russian food on the menu, the waiter answered, "The Czar Nikolai ate only French food." Smart man.

—By Mimi Sheraton/Atlanta



The Paschal brothers offer a medley of authentic fare

"I'm Not Running Against Bentsen"

In an interview with TIME, Bush sizes up his opposition



The day after Michael Dukakis picked his running mate, George Bush invited TIME's Hugh Sidey to his White House office for a conversation. Excerpts:

Q. Did Bentsen's selection surprise you?

A. Yes, it surprised me. It has been very well received. And it should be. It is a tribute to Bentsen. But, you see, I'm not running against Lloyd Bentsen. I'm running against Michael Dukakis, in Texas and everywhere else. How Bentsen and Dukakis get together on these issues where they are diametrically opposed, I don't know. Remember voodoo economics? Every place I went [in 1980] people were saying, hey, explain these differences between you and Reagan. Dukakis and Bentsen have a litany of differences. You can just walk through them, whether it's MX missile, support for the *contras*, support for the Reagan tax cut, gun control in the Southwest—imagine trying to defend a person who strongly favors federal gun control in Texas. I don't think Bentsen will try to do that in Texas.

Q. Are you going to choose your vice-presidential candidate before the convention?



FORMER CONTENDERS FOR THE SENATE

Which will get the ayes of Texas now?

A. If I do, I probably will not tell a soul before the convention, including Barbara Bush . . . I have not really begun to contemplate running mates yet.

Q. Will the campaign become bitter, personal?

A. Not as far as I am concerned. It is going to be tough. Dukakis . . . has never been exposed to this level of American politics. And it is my thesis that therefore he has never been tested. Every little frailty is in focus. I've been there. I feel quite relaxed about it. [But] Dukakis is not prepared for what he is going to get into.

Q. What is your plan?

A. [To] put into focus where I differ from Michael Dukakis. He is a traditional, very liberal Democrat. And I quote him on that, saying, "I'm a liberal Democrat." And another quote, "I am a card-carrying member of the A.C.L.U."

A tremendous difference is going to be on the national security of this country, how to deal with the major world problems and who best to sit across the table from Gorbachev or a wide array of other leaders, who best to lead the alliance, who has enough confidence and experience to chart a course for the future. My case to the American people is, that's me. I'd be better at this than Michael Dukakis.

Q. What do you think his strengths are?

A. Persistence, doggedness. Quite smart, quite bright, quite convinced he is right. So when he takes what I would call a very liberal position in American politics, I think he is doing it from conviction. I don't think he is doing it because he is trying to get ahead in the campaign. ■

Grapevine

Hold the Chablis. The belated telephone call may have been the topper, but Dukakis has failed to connect with Jesse Jackson on more mundane matters. At a dinner on July 4, the Governor served poached salmon and California Chablis. Jackson prefers his fish fried and lemonade to drink.

A dream ticket for the G.O.P.? The more George Bush cites "compatibility" as a quality in a running mate, the less chance Bob Dole has of being picked. At a recent rally in Atlanta, Dole arrived an hour late, cooling the crowd that was ready to cheer the waiting Bush. When Dole was applauded, he joked, "Well, I'd be willing to accept the nomination, but it left without me." Complained a Bush aide: "He still can't accept that it's over."

Not in the know. The reporters following Dukakis organized a pool on his Veep choice. The bets: John Glenn, 13; Al Gore, 6; Richard Gephardt, 1; Lloyd Bentsen, 0.

"The most unhappy I ever saw Hubert Humphrey was when he was Vice President."

—Lloyd Bentsen, disparaging the Veep job in May

Keep your distance, Duke. Negotiating a pre-convention *Nightline* interview, Dukakis aides wanted their man seated next to Ted Koppel, as Gary Hart had been. Koppel wanted

the Duke in a separate studio. Unable to resolve the dispute, the Dukakis camp canceled the interview.

Consolation prizes. Unless Jackson really wants a Cabinet job in a Dukakis Administration, Mario Cuomo is one leading Democrat who believes such a post would be too restrictive for Jackson's wide-ranging talents. Explains the New York Governor: "I'd rather see him free to move around and be involved in a whole series of issues." As for Dukakis' choice of a running mate, Cuomo notes, "I would not have chosen Bentsen. But now that he made that choice and you see the reaction, you say to yourself, 'The Dukakis people are smarter than I thought.' Dukakis is showing his capacity for inclusiveness. He has gone beyond his own ideological agenda."



Nation

The Price of Isolation

Iran fails to win a U.N. condemnation of the Airbus shootdown

For the past several years, Iran has been busy making itself the world's odd man out: ignoring United Nations efforts to end its war with Iraq, boycotting the U.N. Security Council because of its alleged anti-Tehran bias, attacking neutral shipping in the Persian Gulf. Last week it paid the price for its self-imposed isolation. Twice it sought an international condemnation of the U.S. on an issue on which Washington would otherwise have been vulnerable, the July 3 shootdown of Iran Air Flight 655 over the gulf. But twice it came away with nothing.

Iran's first plea was to the International Civil Aviation Organization, meeting in Montreal. But of the 33 nations that sit on the I.C.A.O.'s governing body, only four (the Soviet Union, China, Czechoslovakia and Cuba) were in favor of condemnation. Iran eventually had to settle for a statement that merely "deplored" the incident and promised an investigation.

Simultaneously, Ali Akbar Velayati, Iran's Foreign Minister, was trying to convince the Security Council that the shootdown was deliberate. He read a transcript of conversations between the pilot of the doomed Airbus and Iranian flight controllers that seemed to indicate that Flight 655 had been proceeding at a normal altitude, speed and flight path. However, on one crucial point—whether the U.S.S. *Vincennes* had tried to warn the Airbus—the transcript was inconclusive. Flight 655 received no warnings, but the pilot may have been too busy chattering

to his ground controllers to listen to an emergency channel over which the messages presumably would have been sent.

Velayati was in effect beaten before he began. Iran had delayed its presentation for two days while trying to round up the nine votes (out of 15) needed for condemnation of the U.S., but gave up and decided not to present a draft resolution. The Security Council session instead served largely to advance the presidential



At the Security Council, Bush presents the U.S. case in the Flight 655 tragedy
Iran came away with nothing, while the Veep gave a boost to his campaign.

campaign of George Bush, who happily volunteered to present the American case.

Bush conceded that many details of the shootdown "remain unclear." But he hammered away on two points: 1) Iran "must bear a substantial measure of responsibility" because it "allowed a civilian aircraft loaded with passengers to proceed on a path over a warship engaged in battle" (the *Vincennes* was fighting with Iranian speedboats); 2) the underlying cause of the tragedy was Iran's insistence on continuing the gulf war against Iraq. Again and again Bush pointed out that Iran has defied U.N. Resolution 598,

which calls for a negotiated end to the war, although Iraq has accepted.

The White House had given Bush some ammunition early in the week by announcing that the U.S. would pay "compensation"—everybody avoided the word reparations—to the families of the 290 people killed aboard Flight 655. The U.S. was doing so voluntarily, said Ronald Reagan, because "we are a compassionate people." The President brushed aside reporters' comments about a poll showing 61% of the American public opposed to compensation. That, said Reagan, was because of the unpopularity of the Khomeini government, and the compensation would not be made to or through that government. Probably it will be routed through the Red Crescent, the arm of the Red Cross in Muslim countries.

Nothing else about the payments has been decided: whether the families will all be offered the same or varying amounts, and whether the Administration can find the money under existing appropriations or will have to ask Congress to put up the money. Several lawmakers immediately made grandstanding demands that release of the funds be tied to freedom for U.S. hostages held in Lebanon. Nonetheless, the offer of compensation underscored a dramatic difference between the U.S. and the Soviet Union, which to this day has refused to pay anything to the families of passengers aboard Korean Air Lines Flight 007, shot down by the U.S.S.R. in 1983. That difference undoubtedly helped the U.S. escape the condemnation that international bodies were quick to vote against the Soviets after that tragedy. —By George J. Church.

Reported by Alessandra Stanley with Bush and Nancy Traver/Washington

Biting the Bullet

Congress finds a way to shut obsolete military bases

In the halcyon days when there was more than enough federal pork to go around, closing an outmoded military base was a rather simple operation. Between 1961 and 1977, for example, the Pentagon disposed of hundreds of military installations by executive fiat. But in 1975 the Air Force made the mistake of trying to shut down its Loring base in northern Maine. The state's Republican Congressman, William Cohen (now a Senator), joined then House Majority Leader Tip O'Neill to require the Pentagon to submit costly and time-consuming environmen-

tal impact studies before any base could be shuttered. Loring was saved, as were such anchors of the nation's defense as Virginia's moated Fort Monroe, commissioned shortly after the War of 1812, and Utah's Fort Douglas, built in 1862 to guard against attacks by hostile Indians.

Last week the House moved to break the political impasse that has prevented any major military base in the U.S. from being decommissioned during the past eleven years. The bill, sponsored by Texas Republican Richard Armitage, is designed to fend off angry finger-pointing from constituents by putting the onus on a nine-member bipartisan commission.

By year's end the panel would submit a list of proposed base closings to Defense Secretary Frank Carlucci, waiving environmental-impact statements. Carlucci must approve or reject the entire list. If

Congress votes to save the bases, it could be overruled by a presidential veto. The House bill is similar to a plan passed by the Senate; after the two bills are reconciled, President Reagan is expected to approve. The savings from the shutdowns could be as much as \$5 billion annually.

Ironically, congressional trepidation about base closings may be misplaced. A 1977 study of 100 shutdowns found that most local economies were better off without the presence of the military. The Pentagon's Office of Economic Adjustment reported that barracks and bunkers had been transformed into industrial parks, colleges, vocational schools and airports. Where the 100 bases had once provided 93,000 civilian jobs, there were now 138,000 jobs—a statistic Congressmen may want to have handy in December, when the base hit list is made public. ■

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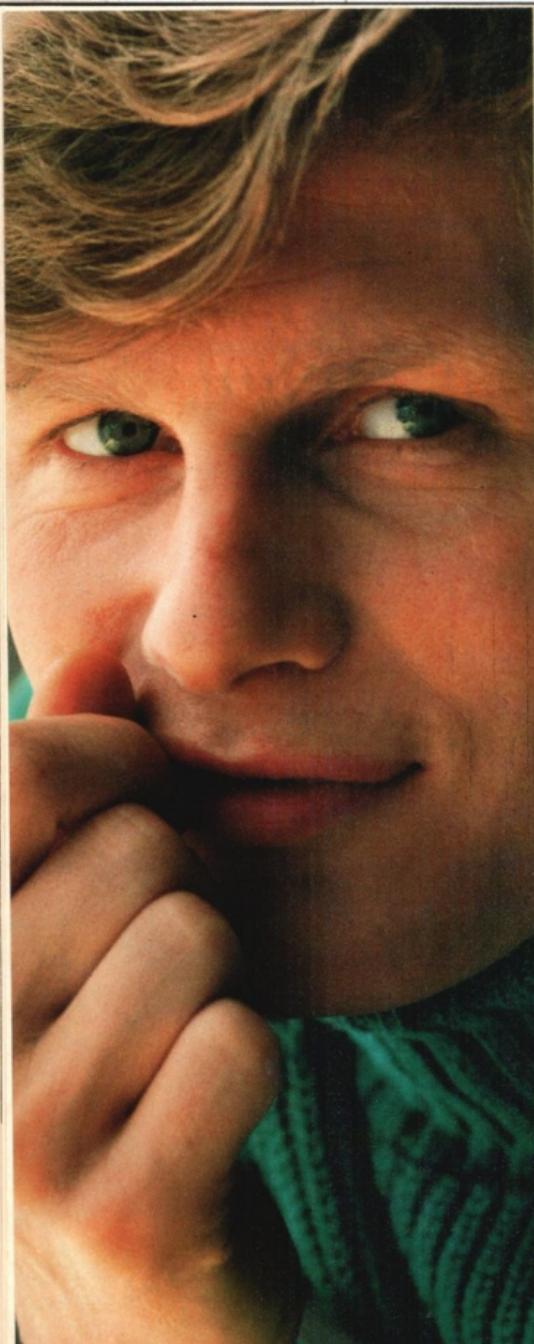
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American Notes



CALIFORNIA Airplane mother



DRUGS A haul of pot confiscated in California



WASHINGTON Thornburgh for Justice

WASHINGTON

Mr. Clean Goes To Justice

Within a week after Edwin Meese announced his resignation as Attorney General, President Reagan moved to clean up the Justice Department by nominating a man of "proven integrity": former Pennsylvania Governor Dick Thornburgh. "The President wanted to raise the morale of the Justice Department," said a top White House aide, indirectly acknowledging the Meese mess. "He wanted to get it back in working order."

A moderate Republican, Thornburgh, 56, was respected as chief of the department's criminal division under Gerald Ford. He won election to two terms as Pennsylvania Governor, earning a reputation for steadiness in his handling of the 1979 nuclear-power-plant crisis at Three Mile Island. Asked what he would do if required to review the ethics of his predecessor, Thornburgh replied that he would "follow the evidence wherever it may lead."

CALIFORNIA

The Littlest Stowaway

United Airlines Flight 35 to San Francisco was half an hour late taking off from Newark last Wednesday when a

woman passenger kept herself locked in a rest room in spite of entreaties to come out. She finally emerged, said she was ill and returned to her seat. She left a lavatory so spattered with blood (from diarrhea, flight attendants assumed) that it was closed off for the six-hour trip.

After the plane landed, a cabin cleaner heard a muffled cry from a cabinet beneath the sink. There, covered with paper towels, was a newborn girl, umbilical cord still attached. The 8-lb. 9-oz. infant appeared to be suffering from hypothermia but otherwise seemed healthy. After the mother, Christina LoCasto, 24, of Staten Island, N.Y., turned herself in, authorities charged her with child endangerment. The 5-ft. 7-in., 155-lb. woman had not appeared pregnant to flight attendants, and even her husband says he was unaware of her condition.

DRUGS

War on Pot And Paraquat

So potent and dangerous is the herbicide paraquat that in 1983 a U.S. district court banned its use on federal property. But last week it seemed that paraquat might be re-enlisted for the war on drugs. Heraldng yet another offensive against homegrown marijuana, the Drug Enforcement Administration said it

would consider spraying pot fields with paraquat as well as the herbicides 2,4-D and glyphosate.

The feds call the new anti-pot campaign Operation Stop Crop 1988, but critics call it "borderline insanity." Says Doug McVay, project coordinator for the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws: "What they're talking about here is a rape of the environment that may end up poisoning some people." The DEA subsequently clarified its announcement, saying paraquat would be sprayed only on private land.

leged harassment by local authorities. The Soviets were "shocked," said Professor Peter Serdyukov of Kiev, to see such conditions "in a rich and beautiful country like the U.S." People sleeping on Soviet streets, he claimed, are "there by choice."

PITTSBURGH

Call Him Foolish

Order in the court, for Federal Judge Hubert I. Teitelbaum of Pittsburgh, apparently means keeping women in their place. During a civil proceeding, Teitelbaum, 73, threatened Attorney Barbara Wolovitz with jail because she insisted on referring to herself as Ms. Wolovitz rather than Mrs. Lobel, after her husband. Protesting in her behalf, Wolovitz's co-counsel Jon Pushinsky found himself held in contempt and handed a 30-day suspended sentence for "officious intermeddling." When Wolovitz asked for a mistrial last week, Teitelbaum said, "What if I call you sweetie?"

As the Ms.-trial controversy drew national attention, the judge apologized, vacating Pushinsky's sentence and explaining to Wolovitz, "This is the way my generation was taught." The two lawyers may regret passing up the judge's belated offer to declare a mistrial. When the jury returned its verdict, they lost their case.

EASTERN EUROPE



Fraternal Differences

In Poland, Gorbachev hears how his allies are—and are not—pushing perestroika

When it comes time for Mikhail Gorbachev to take his traditional late-summer vacation on the Black Sea this year, no one will be able to say he has not earned it. In the past seven weeks alone, the Soviet leader has played host to a superpower summit meeting with Ronald Reagan, climaxed by the signing of the first treaty eliminating an entire category of nuclear weapons; improved relations with religious leaders during ceremonies observing the millennium of Christianity in Russia; and presided over what may be remembered as a historic Communist Party conference that endorsed his plan for political and economic *perestroika* (restructuring). Last week Gorbachev turned his attention to Eastern Europe, paying his first state visit to its largest member, Poland, and presiding over a summit of the Warsaw Pact military alliance.

During both events, Gorbachev made a determined effort to use the newly won legitimacy of the Soviet reform program as a way of jump-starting similar plans in the East bloc. Though he has signaled many times that Moscow's allies are free to experiment with *perestroika* programs of their own, they have done so with varying levels of enthusiasm and, for the most part, not too successfully.

Gorbachev is hardly a disinterested party in the matter: failure to modernize the economies and political structures of Moscow's closest trading and security partners would greatly complicate his efforts at home, if not doom them. The big question is whether the leap forward taken in Moscow can provide momentum for the satellites. "This is a watershed moment for all of Eastern Europe," said a Western diplomat in Warsaw. "One way or another, all these regimes must now respond to the reality that Gorbachev has prevailed."

Gorbachev's four-day state visit to Poland, which included 21 public appearances in three cities, was the riskier part of his visit. His trademark flesh-pressing

tours were not a guaranteed box-office success in a country that harbors an enmity toward Moscow leaders dating far back in history—an enmity deepened by the imposition of martial law in 1981 under threat of Soviet intervention. It hardly helped matters that Gorbachev's host was Party Boss Wojciech Jaruzelski, the army general who imposed and later rescinded the military rule and who remains widely disliked in Poland. The visit, moreover, came at a time of economic crisis, with living standards for many Poles down 50% in the past eight years, largely because of government mismanagement. With ordinary Poles preoccupied by their problems, it was hardly surprising that most of the crowds Gorbachev addressed were carefully screened and polite but less euphoric.

Even so, Gorbachev again and again surmounted the mixed popular feelings with his friendly spontaneity and sheer star quality. He reminded many Poles of another crowd-pleasing occasional visitor, Pope John Paul II, except that the former Karol Cardinal Wojtyla of Cracow did not need to have his remarks translated into Polish. At many stops, copies of Gorbachev's book *Restructuring and New Thinking* were thrust into his face by fans seeking autographs. Gorbachev usually complied, though when a young fan at a wreath-laying ceremony in Warsaw passed his green neckerchief for a signature, the Soviet leader demurred. "How can I sign this?" he asked good-naturedly. "I'll tie you a knot instead." And he did.

Accompanied by Wife Raisa, Gorbachev boarded his Tu-154 jet for two carefully chosen side trips. The first was to Cracow, a seat of Polish kings beginning in the 10th century and symbol of the country's fiercely independent national identity. There Gorbachev offered a tacit gesture to the enduring power of the Roman Catholic Church, to which more than 90% of Poles belong. He and Raisa paid a 15-minute visit to the Church of St. Mary, touring its celebrated Gothic interior as guests of Auxil-

iary Bishop Jan Szkołden. The visit, said Bishop Szkołden, "seems to show a new attitude toward the church and believers."

It may have shown more than that. Over the past month, the church, through Poland's Józef Cardinal Glemp, has conducted a series of informal meetings aimed at forging political cooperation between the Jaruzelski regime and moderates outside the government, including some with ties to the outlawed Solidarity labor movement. So far, the negotiations have foundered over the government's refusal to grant fresh recognition to Solidarity, which emerged as a potent challenger to Communist rule during the union's brief heyday in 1980-81. Gorbachev's unusual stopover at a functioning church appeared to provide a subtle endorsement of the bargaining process.

The ghost of Solidarity was even more pervasive at Gorbachev's other destination, the shipbuilding city of Szczecin, on the Baltic Sea. Along with former Solidarity Leader Lech Wałęsa and his supporters in the city of Gdańsk, the 8,000 workers of Szczecin's Adolf Warski shipyard were instrumental in founding the independent labor union. Speaking to 3,000 workers in the shipyard's cavernous hull-assembly building, a solemn Gorbachev avoided any direct mention of Solidarity, whose underground leadership had earlier issued a statement praising his reforms in the Soviet Union. The closest he came was to congratulate workers for their "full solidarity with our great work of restructuring."

In his principal address to the Polish Sejm (parliament), Gorbachev profoundly disappointed even many conservative listeners by failing to deal forthrightly with the bitterest chapter in Soviet-Polish relations: the World War II massacre of 15,000 Polish army officers in the Katyn Forest, near Smolensk. The Soviets have long

Star quality: the Soviet leader and his wife chat with Jaruzelski, left, upon arrival in Warsaw

maintained that those murders were carried out by invading Nazi forces, but most Polish and many other historians believe they were ordered by Moscow. A joint Soviet-Polish historical commission was formed last year and given access to previously closed Soviet archives dealing with the matter. Many Poles had hoped that Gorbachev would cut through that tedious process and apply his well-known policy of *glasnost* (openness) to the festering Katyn controversy. But he declined to mention it directly, saying merely, "Truth and justice can be late in coming, but they cannot fail to arrive."

Gorbachev went out of his way to bolster the stature of his host, who was widely rumored in Poland to be out of the Soviet leader's favor. "I regard Comrade Jaruzelski as my great friend," he said at one point. "I will tell you Poles directly you are very lucky to have such a man at this complicated stage of Polish history."

As the Polish part of Gorbachev's vis-

it wound down, leaders of the five other Warsaw Pact nations began arriving in the Polish capital for their fifth summit under Gorbachev's leadership. Their number included two new members, Czechoslovakia's Miloš Jakeš and Hungary's Károly Grósz, both of whom have managed the orderly departures of aging predecessors over the past seven months. Their reports to Gorbachev on the course of local *perestroika* reflected attitudes toward the process ranging from almost reckless enthusiasm to stolid obstructionism.

At one end of the spectrum is Hungary, which had achieved steady momentum toward reform before Grósz took charge but has since shifted into overdrive. Last week Hungary's Central Committee approved and sent to parliament an economic plan that would create new, capitalist-style commodity and money markets, allow the

liquidation of inefficient state-owned companies and remove many remaining price controls. The results will not be painless—as many as 100,000 workers are expected to lose their jobs at least temporarily—but the changes are designed to give Hungary the East bloc's most efficient economy. Political experimentation is rampant: when Grósz gives up his old job as Prime Minister later this year, some observers expect the post to go to Imre Pozsgay, the highly popular leader of a political group allied with the Communist Party but distinct from it.

At the other end of the spectrum is Romania, which continues to sink into a Stalinist morass under the despotic rule of Nicolae Ceausescu. The Rumanian leader, who has taken to holding a scepter in his official photographs, made his opinion of Soviet reform abundantly clear on the day Gorbachev delivered his seminal conference address in Moscow. Ceausescu convened a plenum of his own Central Com-



mittee and filled the state-controlled Rumanian press with selections from a speech that glorified his rule, relegating coverage of the Soviet leader to a subsidiary spot. In an obsessive effort to pay off his country's foreign debt by 1990, Ceausescu is exporting agricultural products in such quantities that food shortages have become widespread at home. The Rumanian leader has done at least his share in stirring unrest among the 1.7 million ethnic Hungarians in the western province of Transylvania, fueling an unprecedented and potentially dangerous intra-bloc feud. A bizarre plan by Ceausescu to raze some 7,000 ancient villages across Transylvania and other parts of Rumania, replacing them with "agro-industrial complexes," provoked a highly unusual official protest from the supposedly fraternal government in Budapest.

The other regimes of the bloc fall at various points between Hungary and Rumania, some by design and some by happenstance. Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria pay lip service to the notion of reform. But Prague is so fearful that economic shifts toward free markets will get out of control that Party Leader Jakes warned last April, "No one will be allowed to capitalize on the process of restructuring." He failed to note that little restructuring had yet occurred. The regime's record on po-



Friendly spontaneity: a crowd welcomes Gorbachev to Szczecin

litical liberalization is no better; in June it temporarily jailed 20 Czech organizers of a dissident Charter 77 human-rights conference and expelled 32 foreign participants. Bulgaria's Todor Zhivkov, who after 31 years of rule is adept at the waiting game, got his country off to a fitful start at economic reform two years ago, but has done little to advance it of late.

Until recently East Germany's Erich Honecker was alone in the East bloc in claiming that his prosperous state had no need of economic restructuring (and in leaving unstated his rigid opposition to any change on the political level). That claim is no longer valid. Because of an in-

creasingly outdated industrial plant and the familiar inefficiencies of central planning, East Germans are experiencing their first serious slump in living standards since they were walled off from the West in 1961. In recent months, there have been shortages of such items as fresh fruit and stylish clothing, and state industries have failed to deliver some \$136 million worth of promised consumer goods. These woes, however, have not perceptibly altered Honecker's antipathy toward *perestroika*.

The summitmeters spent much of their time behind closed doors discussing military matters, according to their final communiqué on Saturday, but little new ground appears to have been broken. Gorbachev had earlier suggested convening a "pan-European" conference aimed at reducing the levels of troops and conventional weapons on the Continent. Washington, which presumably would be frozen out of such a session, quickly replied that the proper forum for such issues is the 14-year-old round of conventional-arms negotiations in Vienna, at which the U.S. is represented. In other words, the U.S. seemed to be saying, any attempt by Moscow to deal the other superpower out of the arms-control game is one bit of *perestroika* it can live without.

—By William R. Doerner.

Reported by Kenneth W. Banta/Warsaw

Meanwhile, Back Home . . .



All together now: protesters rally in Yerevan last week

Even as Mikhail Gorbachev extolled the virtues of *perestroika* in Poland, the potential pitfalls of *demokratizatsiya* continued to be embarrassingly apparent in Nagorno-Karabakh, the Delaware-size region that is geographically part of the Soviet Republic of Azerbaijan but whose people are predominantly Armenian. After five months of protests by Armenian activists who wanted the enclave to become part of the Armenian Republic, the ruling council of Nagorno-Karabakh voted unanimously last week to secede from Azerbaijan. According to TASS, the council also decided to rename the area "the Artsakh Autonomous Region of Armenia" and to be governed by Armenia.

So much for wishful thinking. The executive council of the Azerbaijani parliament promptly passed a resolution declaring the vote illegal, and Nagorno-Karabakh's public prosecutor appeared on nationwide television to second that opinion. In a main square of Yerevan, the Armenian capital, protesters continued to demonstrate solidarity with Nagorno-Karabakh secessionists.

Since foreign journalists are forbidden to travel to the area, they must rely on telephone interviews with Armenian activists. "Nearly the whole country is on strike," a musician in Yerevan told TIME Moscow Correspondent Ann Blackman. "Most plants are shut, including one that supplies rubber for much of the country. Movie theaters and concert halls are closed. We're in a state of mourning." He reported that militiamen accompany bus drivers in case local citizens set up blockades and that doctors and telephone operators stop work for one minute each hour to demonstrate their sympathy.

Other Armenians reported that local prosecutors were pressuring witnesses to testify that demonstrators had provoked troops at an airport in early July. A young Yerevan man was killed in the clash. "People are bringing in evidence, but it's not the kind the prosecutors want," said a Yerevan teacher.

Meanwhile, Soviet television reported that factories remain closed in Nagorno-Karabakh and that troops continue to patrol the capital, Stepanakert. The Presidium of the Supreme Soviet, the nation's highest executive body, is expected to consider the Nagorno-Karabakh issue this week, but so far the Kremlin has shown no inclination to redraw borders.

World



Before the truncheons: demonstrators call for democracy at a rally in Nandaime

NICARAGUA

Lashing Out on All Fronts

Managua cracks down on dissent and ousts the U.S. Ambassador

Only last spring, the civil war in Nicaragua, deep into its eighth year, seemed to be in a peaceful lull. The Marxist-oriented Sandinista government was meeting face to face with the U.S.-backed *contras* and loudly promising to install democracy in Managua. In Washington the House defied Reagan Administration pleas and voted down military support for the guerrillas. But last week, in a sudden burst of high-handed actions, the Sandinistas raised fresh doubts about their intentions and provoked forceful new White House calls for lethal aid to the *contras*.

The crackdown began when police used tear gas and truncheons to break up a right-wing rally last Sunday in the provincial town of Nandaime. More than 40 protesters were arrested, including four opposition leaders, who were later sentenced to six months in prison. Next day the government suspended the opposition daily *La Prensa* for 15 days and shut down Radio Católica, run by the Roman Catholic Church. The moves brazenly violated President Daniel Ortega Saavedra's solemn vows to uphold civil rights. Meanwhile, the Sandinistas confiscated the vast San Antonio sugar plantation, the country's largest private business.

While *La Prensa* and Radio Católica were being silenced, Foreign Minister Miguel d'Escoto Brockmann summoned U.S. Ambassador Richard Melton to his office. Melton, a career diplomat who arrived in Managua three months ago, listened as d'Escoto accused the U.S. embassy of fomenting unrest and then gave the Ambassador and seven other U.S. diplomats three days to leave the country.

The clampdown in Managua pushed already strained U.S.-Nicaraguan relations close to the breaking point. De-

claring, "We are going to return the favor," President Reagan ordered the expulsion of Nicaraguan Ambassador Carlos Tunnermann and seven of his fellow diplomats. But the most potentially far-reaching U.S. response was a renewed drive for military aid for the *contras*. Though the issue was virtually dead before last week, Reagan pledged his support for a \$47 million assistance package, introduced Wednesday by Senator Republican Leader Robert Dole, that includes \$20 million for weapons and ammunition.

Ortega seems to have embarked on a



Melton prepares to leave the country

calculated gamble. Recognizing that prospects for renewed lethal aid will probably dwindle as the U.S. presidential contest intensifies, the Sandinistas apparently seized the chance to flex their muscles. But the move could backfire. Resolutions condemning Managua's actions whipped through Congress by overwhelming votes (91 to 4 in the Senate; 385 to 18 in the House), and the crackdown could force congressional opponents of *contra* military aid to reverse field or risk being blamed for "losing" Nicaragua during the

fall campaign. Even Democratic Senator Christopher Dodd of Connecticut, a persistent critic of U.S. policy in the region, conceded last week that lethal aid now stands a better chance of passing the Senate. Yet approval still seems all but impossible in the House.

For its part, Managua has amassed a sizable list of grudges and frustrations. Faced with continued economic decline and resentment at home, the Sandinistas felt compelled to rein in the opposition. At the same time, Managua blames the *contras* for scuttling the peace talks that broke off in early June and for subsequent cease-fire violations. Ortega was also displeased by Melton's practice of spending more time with opposition leaders than with Sandinista officials.

Some experts now look for Managua to launch an offensive to destroy the *contras*, perhaps as soon as early August. Government newspapers and radio stations have begun a drum roll of reports proclaiming that "the people" are demanding action against the rebels. An all-out attack by Nicaragua's 70,000-strong army would catch the *contras* at their weakest. Cut adrift by their U.S. patrons and torn by internal feuding, the guerrillas barely resemble a credible fighting force. About 6,000 rebels remain in Honduras, where the government is increasingly eager to see them leave, or are camped along the border. Only some 1,500 troops have filtered back into Nicaragua toward their traditional bases of operation.

Meanwhile, the *contra* political leadership remains sharply divided between moderates headed by Alfredo Cesar, who is willing to continue talks with Managua, and hard-liners led by Adolfo Calero. Delegates to the *contra* governing assembly began a three-day meeting in the Dominican Republic last weekend to attempt to resolve the split by electing a new directorate.

No one was more galled by Managua's actions than Costa Rican President Oscar Arias Sánchez, whose peace plan remains the framework for the now suspended Sandinista-*contra* talks. Frustrated by the lack of progress, Arias passed word to Managua last Monday that he believed the *contras* could again be brought to the negotiating table by Aug. 1 if the Sandinistas would make a conciliatory gesture. Back came the message that Arias' idea was a good one. Two hours later, however, the Sandinistas closed *La Prensa* and Radio Católica and expelled Melton.

"What the Sandinistas have done is to help those people who believe that the only way is through war," Arias said. "We have to choose between dialogue or more war." The Sandinistas seem to be leaning toward the second alternative, and soon.

—By John Greenwald.
Reported by Ricardo Chavira/Washington and John Moody/Mexico City

World

MEXICO

Slow Count

A winner and some angry losers in a historic race

The thunderstorm pounding Mexico City was fierce enough to suggest that the ancient Aztec deities were mightily displeased. Nevertheless, Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas had no trouble assembling more than 100 journalists last Monday night outside his mother's house, the unofficial headquarters of his quixotic presidential campaign. "The figures that we have received show that I have won," he intoned as lightning sliced ominously through the black sky. "We won. Definitely." At precisely that moment, the house went pitch dark, the electricity knocked out by the storm.

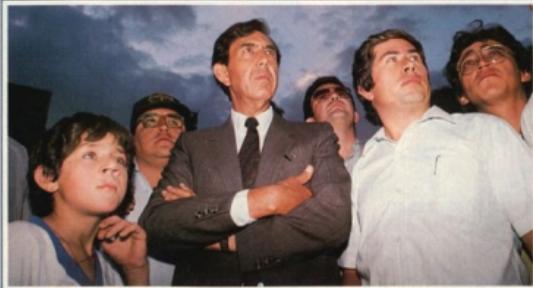
Meteorological omens aside, Cárdenas' pronouncement was soon contradicted. Two days later, Mexico's Federal Electoral Commission released the long-delayed final tabulation of the July 6 presidential ballot. As expected, the victor was Carlos Salinas de Gortari, the candidate of the ruling Institutional Revolutionary Party (P.R.I.), with 50.36% of the 19 million votes cast. Cárdenas, the leftist opponent, finished with 31.12%, and the challenger on the right, Manuel Clouthier, received 17.07%. Two minor candidates accounted for the rest of the total. Final returns in voting for the Chamber of Deputies gave the P.R.I. 260 of the 500 seats, well short of the two-thirds plurality required to make constitutional changes. In the Senate, Cárdenas' forces captured four of the 64 seats, marking the first time ever the P.R.I. has lost even a single race in that chamber.

The P.R.I., which has always taken at least 70% of the presidential vote, turned in its worst performance in 59 years. But opposition candidates were not satisfied with the returns. Last week Clouthier filed criminal charges against the National Registry of Voters, alleging that it had conspired to help steal the elections. Cárdenas, meanwhile, staged a protest rally on Saturday in Mexico City, where he had outpolled Salinas by a sizable margin.

P.R.I. officials seemed unconcerned by the unrest. Convinced that time is their ally, they predicted that the various opposition leaders would turn to fighting one another, thus leaving the ruling party in peace. "With each passing day," said Juan Enriquez, a Salinas campaign aide, "the situation becomes more relaxed." So does Salinas. By midweek he had abandoned his command post at party headquarters to begin preparing for his inauguration, scheduled for Dec. 1. ■



Salinas



Looking to the future: the candidate continues to insist he was robbed at the polls

Cárdenas: The Unforgotten One

Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas is not certain, but he thinks that the very room in which he slept as a child 50 years ago is now being used as an office by the President of Mexico. In trying to regain that room—and the rest of Los Pinos, as the presidential residence is known—Cárdenas has changed the political landscape of his country more than anyone, even he, believed possible.

Cárdenas was born in 1934, the year his father became President. In a gesture of populism, Lázaro Cárdenas abandoned Chapultepec Castle, in which the Emperor Maximilian and nearly all subsequent Mexican rulers lived. Instead, the President, his wife and his son—who was named for the last Aztec emperor and whose name is pronounced Kwa-tay-mok—moved into Los Pinos, a white stone box set in a corner of Mexico City's Chapultepec Park. "I have only isolated images of it," says Cárdenas of his boyhood home. "But one thing I do remember: I was given every possible opportunity to succeed."

The desire to give other Mexicans that chance is the foundation of Cárdenas' challenge to the ruling Institutional Revolutionary Party. Says he: "I want to see a Mexico without official corruption, with more equal distribution of wealth, a Mexico that does not subordinate itself to businessmen or to the United States."

There were few hints in his past that he would one day refuse to subordinate himself to the P.R.I. Cárdenas attended private schools and saw the country by traveling with his father, who instilled in him an abiding love of Mexico's physical beauty. He earned a degree in civil engineering in Mexico, studied in France, West Germany and Italy, then returned to Mexico and worked for two decades as an engineer and planner. Along the way he met his elegant Portuguese-born wife Celeste and started a family that now includes two grown sons and a five-year-old daughter.

He avoided the lure of politics until 1980, when, with the P.R.I.'s backing, he was elected governor of his home state of Michoacán. By the end of his term in 1986, Cárdenas was voicing doubts about the P.R.I.'s commitment to Mexico's poor. He was quickly informed by party leaders that such comments were unwelcome, even from governors with illustrious names.

Cárdenas refused to back down. He co-founded the Democratic Current, a movement within the P.R.I. to give rank-and-file members more say in choosing the presidential candidate. When the P.R.I. responded late last year by expelling the rebels, Cárdenas announced his candidacy.

The Cárdenas campaign was an eight-month odyssey in search of people he calls the "forgotten ones." He stayed in hotels so unpleasant that journalists covering his campaign refused to enter them. Says Campaign Aide Carlos Torres: "We talked to the Yaqui Indians in Sonora, the Triquis in Oaxaca, the Mazahuas in Mexico State. We went to see them. We didn't have them brought to us."

Cárdenas has not spoken to Carlos Salinas de Gortari in two years. He views the reform-minded P.R.I. candidate as a prisoner in a gilded cage. "The official party is just a collection of personal interests, not even ideologies," he laments. Cárdenas believes that his father, who died in 1970, would support what he is doing. "We were friends," he recalls. "In our family, there was a trust that whatever one was doing was out of conviction." Cárdenas' showing at the polls this month ensures that he will continue to be a factor in Mexican politics. Besides, since he is unlikely to be invited to Los Pinos as a guest, he will have to continue his campaign if he wants to sleep again in his old room.

—By John Moody/Mexico City



BBQ Clinic

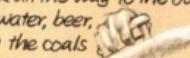
UNDERCOVER COOKIN'

5

TAKE IT SLOW

Keep the fire low. Slow, covered cooking lets that smoky taste soak all the way to the bone.

A pan of water, beer, or wine on the coals keeps meat moist.



NO PEEKING

Try to contain your excitement. Each undercover peek adds about 10 mins. cooking time.



BIG TIME

Large cuts are best for smoky cooking.

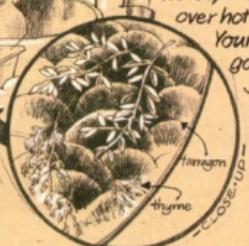
Try a chicken, ham or roast. Add a dozen fresh coals each hr. Count on about 1 hr. per pound.



SECRET INGREDIENTS

Try sprinklin' water-soaked apple peels, onion skins, herbs, or wood chips over hot coals.

Your secret will go up in smoke. So be humble.



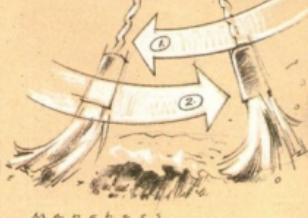
FOLLOW THROUGH

Baste with thin sauces. Thick sauces may char. Save 'em for a finishing touch.



FIRE UP

Make your feast a sure-fire success with ready-to-light, Match light, original Kingsford, or Kingsford with Mesquite...smoky bits of wild wood in every briquet!



HATS OFF TIP

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Simon Robertson
Oakland, California



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Match light



Mesquite



Charcoal Briquets

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WHAT THE PROS USE.

Let's Not Make a Deal

Why the U.S. is losing out on weapons sales to the Arab world

The arms deal of the century, newspaper around the world are calling it. Over the next two decades, Saudi Arabia will buy as much as \$25 billion worth of jet fighters, helicopters, minesweepers and military services from Britain in exchange for oil and hard cash. The agreement, signed earlier this month, means that Britain will supplant the U.S. as the Saudis' main arms supplier. The British thus benefited directly from the U.S. Congress's refusal to approve the transfer of the Saudis of 40 advanced F-15 fighters in 1985 and 800 Stinger missiles in 1986.

The accord delivers a blow to U.S. influence in the Arab world and highlights the Reagan Administration's losing fight to overcome the resistance of the powerful U.S. Jewish lobby to weapons sales to Arab countries. The last major U.S. deal with the Saudis was in 1981, when the Administration barely surmounted congressional opposition and sold Riyadh five AWACS radar-surveillance planes.

U.S. relations with the Arab world were further complicated last week when, much to the surprise and embarrassment of the White House, the Senate voted to deny Kuwait sophisticated Maverick air-to-surface missiles just days before the Kuwaiti Prime Minister, Crown Prince Saad al-Abdullah al-Sabah, arrived in Washington. Kuwait would like to buy \$1.9 billion worth of arms, including



The Queen and Abdullah at Ascot

The contract will create 50,000 jobs.

40 F-18 jet fighters, of which the Mavericks are considered an essential feature.

Administration officials contended last week that it is in America's interest—strategically, diplomatically and economically—to meet the military needs of friendly Arab states and thereby maintain some control over how the weapons are used. "If we don't sell the Kuwaitis the weapons systems they need," said a State Department official, "they are going to go elsewhere."

Kuwait made its options clear when, in the wake of the Senate vote, it promptly agreed to buy 245 armored personnel carriers

from the Soviet Union. A host of other nations, including France, China, Brazil and Argentina, are eagerly competing to meet the oil-rich Persian Gulf Arabs' desire to shore up defenses against their fundamentalist neighbor Iran.

Under the British-Saudi agreement, Riyadh will obtain 48 Tornado fighter-bombers to add to the 72 it has already contracted for, as well as up to 60 Hawk jet trainers, 80 helicopters and six minesweepers. Britain will also build two military airfields and provide training for Saudi Arabia's army and air force.

Israeli officials accused the British of undermining the Jewish state's security. Yossi Ben-Aharon, Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir's director general, said the Tornado fighters would allow Saudi Arabia to "hit us in the soft underbelly from the south." But Israeli objections were dismissed by British officials. The Israelis "know full well," said a Cabinet minister, that the weapons will be deployed only as a defense against Iran.

The wooing of the Saudis absorbed the British government at every level. Saudi Crown Prince Abdullah bin Abdul al-Saud attended the races at Ascot last month as the guest of Queen Elizabeth II. Having visited Saudi Arabia to press for the sale in 1986, Conservative Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher was not about to fall in line with the U.S. in this case, as she has on other issues. She is determined that nothing go amiss with a deal that promises to create 50,000 British jobs. —By Michael S. Serrill, Reported by Dean Fischer/Cairo and Frank Melville/London

Cruise of Terror

The murderous moment came during the late-afternoon languor, the time for a last cool drink before dinner or a final stretch of sun on the ship's upper deck. Suddenly, the holiday mood aboard the *City of Poros*, a day cruiser plying the islands in the Saronic Gulf, was shattered by grenade blasts and a fusillade of automatic-weapon fire. For about five minutes, several assailants, possibly as many as four, raked the deck of the 688-ton vessel. They then escaped, apparently by jumping overboard. The hit squad left nine people dead and 47 injured.

"We thought it was children playing with firecrackers," said Natalie Wogewoda, a 24-year-old French student who was shot in both legs. "Then we heard people screaming. Suddenly, I was nailed to the ground." Dozens of passengers tried to flee from the violence by leaping into the sea, where they were soon rescued by ships responding to an SOS signal issued by the captain of the *Poros*. Said the ship's owner, Antonis Kyrtatas, of the attackers: "They just came to kill."

More precisely, it appeared that the terrorists came to hijack—and stayed to kill once their plans went awry. Three hours before the shooting began, a rental car loaded with explosives blew up in the Athens suburb where the *Poros* was due to dock later in the day; the two people in the car were killed. Greek police speculated that the terrorists planned to take over the vessel, bring the explosives onto the ship and turn the *Poros*, with 505 aboard, into a floating bomb. The

gunmen on the vessel might have learned of the car explosion and decided on aimless killing instead.

One suspect was identified, from a picture taken by the ship's photographer before the rampage, as Mohammed Zozan, described by police as a 21-year-old holding a Lebanese passport. But the occupants of the demolished car could not be identified, and from the murky world of Arab terrorist factions, no convincing claim of responsibility was forthcoming.



One of the wounded: there was no warning, no explanation



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C&S Bonus Checking



World Notes



AVIATION Move over, Lindbergh



KAMPUCHEA The prince



ANGOLA An Angolan soldier near a battery of Soviet missiles

AVIATION

Into the Air, Junior Birdman

The single-engine Mooney-252 touched down smoothly at Le Bourget airport, and the smiling pilot hopped off the two pillows that had elevated him high enough to peer out the plane's window. He turned down a glass of champagne and took a Coke instead. Landing at the same field where Charles Lindbergh ended his solo flight in 1927, U.S. Aviator Christopher Lee Marshall, all of eleven years old, had just become the youngest pilot to fly across the Atlantic.

While his friends in Oceanside, Calif., have been zooming about on bikes and surfboards, Marshall has been taking flying lessons since he was seven. His copilot last week was retired U.S. Navy Flyer Randy ("Duke") Cunningham, 46. A third passenger slipped on board: Marshall's brown teddy bear, named, appropriately enough, Charles Lindbergh.

THE GULF

Scurrying into Retreat

July has not been kind to Tehran. Only two weeks after the U.S.S. *Vincennes* downed an Iran Air Airbus, Baghdad began the last stages of a counter-

offensive that promised to drive the remaining Iranian soldiers from Iraqi soil. By overrunning Iran's military headquarters on the southern front, Iraq gained control of the vital Shatt al Arab waterway, providing another sign that the eight-year-old gulf war was tilting in Iraq's favor.

Iraqi soldiers also reclaimed a string of mountain peaks on the northeastern frontier, placing them in good position to recapture the strategic Kurdish city of Halabja. Iranian leaders tried to sound optimistic, but they could not hide the reversal of their fortunes. Said Prime Minister Mir Hussein Mousavi: "War is a complicated and technical matter, and naturally at a certain point retreat will help the final victory."

KAMPUCHEA

Now You See Him...

Never let it be said that Prince Norodom Sihanouk is reluctant to change his mind. In January he suddenly resigned as leader of a guerrilla coalition that is battling Kampuchea's Vietnamese-backed government; the next month he just as abruptly resumed his post. After Viet Nam stepped up its troop withdrawal from Kampuchea, ministers of the Association of Southeast Asian Nations agreed to be host to peace talks in Djakarta next

week between the warring sides. But then Sihanouk, who ruled Kampuchea (then called Cambodia) until 1970, quit his job again.

Sihanouk claimed that the Khmer Rouge, the strongest but least palatable of his coalition partners, was trying to "liquidate" the prince's rebel faction. Predicting that Sihanouk would ultimately attend the peace talks, Foreign Minister Siddhi Savetsila of Thailand saw his resignation as a way to gain leverage in shaping his country's future.

increased trade and diplomatic ties with the North and help Pyongyang join international organizations. In a further display of goodwill, South Korea halted daily propaganda broadcasts to the North at least until after the Olympics.

ANGOLA

The Governors Island Compact

The governments of Angola, Cuba and South Africa agreed to agree last week. If that sounds like slow progress, it is more than anyone expected when talks first convened in May.

After secret meetings mediated by Chester Crocker, U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, on Governors Island in New York harbor, the three nations announced they had signed a document outlining the "principles" under which Cuban and South African troops would be withdrawn from Angola and under which the territory of Namibia, which South Africa controls in defiance of United Nations resolutions, would gain its independence.

Crocker maintained "there is still a lot of hard work to do" before actual timetables for these events are set. But the South African delegate, Neil van Heerden, said he thought "momentum" has been established" that will lead to a settlement.

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Economy & Business

Drawing a Flak Attack

Hurt by scandal and budget cuts, defense contractors face hard times

Like an overburdened state trooper who pulls too many summertime speeders to the side of the road at one time, Defense Secretary Frank Carlucci has decided to turn some of the suspected culprits loose. Testifying before the Senate Armed Services Committee last week, Carlucci said he would resume payments, which he suspended only three weeks ago, to nine Pentagon contractors that are under investigation in the Government's sweeping probe into charges of bribery and bid-rigging in the defense business. "My job is not to punish companies," he said. "My job is to protect the national security."

Carlucci's reversal provided a break in the gloom engulfing the U.S. companies that sell battleships and bombers to the Defense Department. But the Secretary called the temporary suspensions a warning and vowed to take tough action against companies proved guilty of committing crimes. And even the firms shown to be innocent will face a defense-industry environment that is growing tougher all the time.

Struggling to rein in the federal budget deficit, Carlucci and Congress are slowing the runaway growth in defense spending unleashed during the early Reagan years. Some proposed weapons, ships and planes are in danger of being scrapped by the Pentagon, which would cut into the profitability of companies that have spent millions on research and development. Other projects could be postponed or stretched out. Adding to the industry's uncertainty is the question of

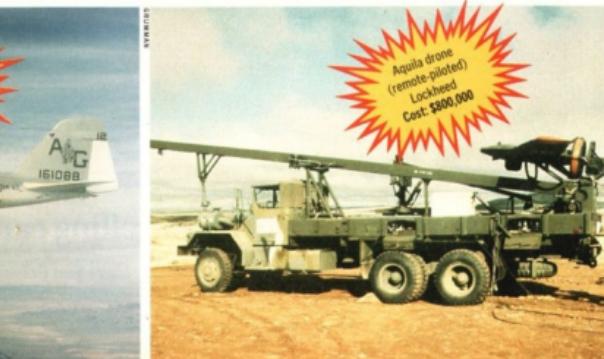
what President Reagan's successor will do once he gets his hands on the Pentagon's purse strings. Many executives echo the fears of Grumman Chairman John Bierwirth, who says, "This industry is on the verge of a cyclical market shakeout."

The congressional crackdown on defense spending was much in evidence last week. The National Defense Authoriza-

tion Act for 1989 passed by the House and Senate would increase defense spending only 2.8% next year, to \$299.6 billion. That would not even match the expected 4% inflation rate. Another sign of seriousness about cutting the Pentagon budget came when the House passed a measure to expedite the process of closing 20 domestic military bases believed to be obso-

Ready, Aim, Fire!

Training their sights on the bloated defense budget, the Pentagon and Congress have scored direct hits on many weapons programs. Some projects have been scrapped entirely, while others have been postponed or stretched out. Among the victims of the cutbacks:



lete. The moves are expected to save anywhere from \$2 billion to \$5 billion a year.

The current defense scandal has no doubt contributed to Congress's stingy mood. In mid-June, subpoenas were issued and FBI agents staged surprise searches in more than three dozen homes and offices in twelve states. The 19 companies subpoenaed or searched, some of which are likely targets of the investigation, are a Who's Who of 19 defense contractors. Among them: Electronic Data Systems, Gould, Hazeltine, Litton, Loral, LTV, Martin Marietta, McDonnell Douglas, Northrop, Teledyne, Unisys and United Technologies. Since the raids, a federal grand jury in Alexandria, Va., has been delving into charges that some of these defense contractors and their consultants bribed Pentagon officials for inside information vital in bidding for contracts worth billions of dollars. As part of the crackdown, Carlucci last week ordered 16 defense firms to certify on future contracts that they have received no inside tips relating to the deals.

No charges have been filed in the "Pentagate" probe, and many companies and individuals in question vehemently deny any wrongdoing. But Government lawyers believe a stream of indictments will flow from the affair, which could make it the defense-industry equivalent of Wall Street's insider-trading scandal.

Long before the latest Pentagon investigation began, Congress was moving to curb abuses and spur competition in defense procurement. A turning point was the 1984 passage of the Competition in Contracting Act, which decreed that whenever possible the Pentagon should seek out at least two bidders on a project. Before that time, 57% of all private defense contracts were awarded with no competitive bidding. Now that figure is down to 14% of the 61,000 contracts approved by the Defense Department each day. Another crucial change in recent years has occurred in the way the Government pays for its weapons. In the past

the Pentagon provided the predominant share of the development costs to the contractors. Now the companies must spend large sums of their own money up front to build planes or ships—and risk losing that investment if the contract goes to a competitor.

The new procedures have made business much more treacherous for the Pentagon's suppliers. After General Electric spent millions developing the F-404 engine for the F/A-18 jet fighter, Defense officials turned around and gave 30% of the contract to Pratt & Whitney. To make matters worse, the Pentagon forced GE to give Pratt & Whitney the necessary development and production technology. Bell Helicopter Textron and Boeing Helicopter have each laid out about \$300 million to develop jointly a tilt-rotor aircraft for the Navy, Air Force and Marines. But once several of the planes have been tested, the companies will be competing for the lucrative contract to build the finished products.

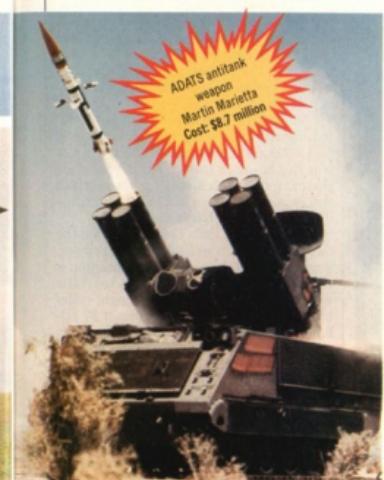
In the contest to build the

Navy's advanced tactical aircraft, a team headed by McDonnell Douglas and General Dynamics won out over a group that includes Northrop and Grumman. But Pentagon investigators are looking into allegations that McDonnell Douglas won the contract partly through bribery. If that turns out to be true, its team could lose out and the project would be put up for new bids.

As the Pentagon tries to trim costs, it is insisting that companies set a fixed price on research and development for many weapons systems even before they are off the drawing board. The notion draws flak from industry representatives. "Creating brand-new high-tech systems isn't like building a house," complains Don Fuqua, a former U.S. Representative from Florida who is now president of the 48-member Aerospace Industries Association. "Companies are being forced to bid a fixed price on something that's never been built before." In a 65-page report issued last summer, 13 defense-industry officials complained that the Pentagon's policy gives manufacturers "little incentive to take on projects that involve technological risk and innovation." New Mexico Democrat Jeff Bingaman has introduced a bill in the Senate to limit the use of such fixed-price contracts.

Critics of Pentagon waste hail the department's new rules for having helped curb the sort of skulduggery that used to allow contractors to sell the Government \$7,000 coffee makers and \$600 toilet seats. They maintain that defense companies, far from destitute, are simply earning less than the bloated profits they once viewed as their birthright. Says Dina Risor, director of the private Project on Military Procurement: "It's like taking a fifth hot-fudge sundae from a fat man, and he complains that you're starving him."

The industry as a whole is far from going broke. Overall profits are expected to rise about 4% this year, to \$4.9 billion. But some companies are being hit much harder than others. Among those hurting are General Dynamics (the No. 2 defense supplier, with Government contract awards of \$7 billion in fiscal 1987), Grumman (No. 10 with \$3.4 billion) and Northrop (No. 23 with \$1.1 billion).



Economy & Business

General Dynamics has been squeezed by the rules requiring companies to put up more of their own money in the initial stages of Pentagon programs. The St. Louis-based firm has spent about \$50 million to develop the advanced tactical aircraft, while its sales of submarines and tanks have been flat. Profits are expected to dip about 5% this year, to \$415.2 million, and some analysts forecast a drop of 7% or more next year.

Grumman's woes began to surface last year, when the Bethpage, N.Y., company ran into a series of costly delays in its F-14 fighter program, caused mainly by the failure of subcontractors to deliver the planes' avionics systems on schedule. Grumman's 1987 profits dropped 55%, to \$36 million. Now the company faces a new problem: Carlucci intends to end funding for Grumman's A6 Navy bomber, which accounted for 15% of last year's pretax profits. "If any company in defense is vulnerable, it is Grumman," says Paul Nisbet, an industry analyst with the Prudential-Bache investment firm.

Northrop is under attack on several fronts. The Air Force is complaining about shoddy workmanship in the Los Angeles company's Tacit Rainbow anti-enemy radar missile project, and the entire system, which could be worth an estimated \$3 billion to the company, seems vulnerable to being cut from the Pentagon budget. Former Northrop employees charge the company with filing at least \$400 million in questionable expense claims in connection with the development of its MX missile-guidance system. In addition, the Government is looking into allegations that the company bribed South Korean officials in the hope of boosting overseas sales of its F-20 fighter. The B-2 Stealth bomber is also being investigated for possible billing abuses, and could have its budget severely trimmed. Because Stealth accounts for nearly half the company's revenues, some analysts expect Northrop's profits to fall this year.

With the defense-industry slump expected to linger for at least the next few years, companies that have been hedging their bets by diversifying are likely to fare better than those that remain heavily dependent on a few projects. Loral has moved more aggressively into sales of the sophisticated defense electronics that have been relatively immune to budget cutting, while Lockheed is working on rocket motors for future space shuttles. But the companies that supply instruments of war to the nation's generals and admirals fear that the latest scandal will prompt a series of excessively restrictive new laws that will make it even more difficult to do business. "The wave is just now crashing on us," warns Norman Augustine, chairman of Martin Marietta. Just how much damage it does may depend on the defense industry's ability to trim its sails.

—By Gordon Bock.

Reported by Jerome Cramer/Washington and Thomas McCarroll/New York

What the Drought Hath Wrought

A dismal crop forecast prompts Washington to speed farm relief

Farmer Charles Phelps knows he is lucky. His corn crop was days away from disaster when a pair of isolated rainstorms came breezing through Hastings, Iowa, dumping a bit more than 6 in. of rain on his parched fields. "Now it looks like we might have a crop after all," says Phelps. Some 360 miles to the east, Herb Steffen of Cropsey, Ill., laments that he has not seen enough rain "to settle the dust," much less nurse his corn crop through its critical pollination period. "It's heartbreaking to watch crops die in the field," says Steffen's wife Georgia.

And so it was throughout the U.S.



Reagan visits a dry Illinois farm

The corn: not as high as an elephant's eye.

Farm belt last week. While a few fortunate areas were blessed with rain and even an occasional thunderstorm, most of the nation found little relief from the drought that began in the spring. Just how much damage the prolonged dry spell has already caused was the subject of a preliminary crop forecast issued by the U.S. Department of Agriculture. The USDA estimated that U.S. grain production in 1988 may be only 212 million metric tons, down 24% from 1987. The corn crop is particularly hard hit—26% smaller than last year. The USDA pegged soybean production at 1.65 billion bu., down 13%. Wheat output is expected to decline 13% to 1.84 billion bu. That drop would be much worse were it not for the winter wheat crop. Planted last fall and almost completely harvested, winter wheat largely escaped drought damage. But the smaller, spring wheat crop has been dev-

astated, and could be less than half its normal size.

Though discouraging enough, the USDA report may underestimate the problem. "The commercial surveys will doubtless be bolder, and lower, than those of USDA," says Conrad Leslie, one of the nation's leading private crop forecasters. Leslie predicts a corn crop of 4.4 billion bu., 800 million bu. less than the USDA estimate. A survey by the National Corn Growers Association is even more pessimistic, predicting that this year's corn yields will be down as much as 42% from last year's. The USDA estimates assume normal weather for the rest of the growing season, even though most long-range forecasts, including those of the National Weather Service issued last week, predict no break in the hot, dry weather. Chicago's commodities-futures traders tended to believe the worst. Prices for corn, wheat and soybean contracts surged after the USDA forecast was released.

The impact will soon be felt at the supermarket, but it may not be too severe. The USDA estimates that retail food prices will rise no more than 5% this year. One reason: much of this year's grain shortfall will be made up from stocks set aside during past bountiful harvests.

That will be little consolation for the farmers whose crops have been wiped out. Responding to their plight, Washington is rushing to pour money where too little water has fallen. A pair of drought-relief bills designed to distribute at least \$7 billion is moving through Congress. Farmers who lose more than 35% of their normal crop would be reimbursed for 65% of their lost revenues. A ceiling of \$100,000 would be put on the disaster benefits so that large corporate farms would not benefit disproportionately from the legislation. Drought relief has the full support of President Reagan, who last week visited the Midwest drought belt. Speaking at the fairgrounds in Du Quoin, Ill., the President said, "We can't make it rain, but we can help ease the pain."

Secretary of Agriculture Richard Lyng asserted that the proposed legislation would be "expensive, but something we can afford." The cost would in fact be offset by savings in the \$17.7 billion farm-subsidy program already approved in the 1988 budget. As the drought tightens supplies and pushes up commodity prices, the Government will not have to pay out as much in price-support subsidies. In effect, Congress is recycling price supports in the form of disaster relief. The legislation, claim its supporters, would not add a penny to the Government's budget deficit.

—By Barry Hillenbrand.

Reported by Gisela Bolte/Washington and Lee Griggs/Chicago

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Do-It-Yourself Financing

To immigrants short on credit, loan clubs offer cash and dreams

When Do Van Tron escaped from Saigon to San Jose in 1982, no bank would take a chance on his business prospects. He lacked a credit history, had no money and spoke no English. Today, however, the 31-year-old refugee publishes a Vietnamese-language newspaper, tools around town in a silver Jaguar and has started plans to build a shopping center. The reasons for his rapid rise: long hours of work, plenty of thrift and \$4,800 in start-up capital from an unconventional source. Like thousands of other immigrants, the budding entrepreneur tapped an ethnic loan club for his seed money.

Such clubs amount to informal, small-scale banks organized primarily by immigrants to help one another. Though the loan clubs are not legally prohibited, they operate outside regular U.S. banking laws and safeguards. Even so, they have nurtured fledgling businesses from the barrio to Chinatown in cities as diverse as Houston, Los Angeles, Chicago and New York. With loans ranging from a few hundred dollars to \$20,000 or more, Vietnamese *hui* (associations) in Texas played a crucial role in reviving the moribund shrimp industry in the Gulf of Mexico by financing the purchase of dozens of boats. An estimated \$10 million in Korean *keh* (contracts) has financed the purchase of houses, restaurants and small grocery stores in the San Francisco Bay Area. "This is Horatio Alger all over," says David W. Engstrom, a research associate at the University of Chicago who studies immigrant merchants. Thanks to loan clubs, he adds, "most of these people open their businesses in three to four months after arriving here."

Most of the clubs operate on the same basic principle: a group of people, often ten or 20, contribute the same amount of money each month to a kitty, which is immediately loaned to one of them. All club members, including the borrower, continue to make the monthly payments until everyone has received the purse once. By that time, each participant has borrowed and repaid the entire loan. The organizer, who is typically female, keeps a record of payments and vouchers for newcomers until the club disburses. "It's like Weight Watchers," says Ivan Light, a professor of sociology at the University of California, Los Angeles. "If you want to be in the group, you have to save money."

In one type of West Indian *su-su* (among us) in

Brooklyn, for example, ten people contribute \$200 a month for ten months. Though many clubs assign the pool by drawing lots, each \$2,000 collection in this kind of *su-su* goes to the person who everyone agrees needs it most urgently. After ten rounds, each member has contributed ten \$200 installments and received one lump-sum payment of \$2,000.

In many of the more elaborate loan clubs, participants bid for the privilege of taking the pool. Whoever offers the highest interest rate wins, although each member can take the pot only once. The entire interest payment is immediately received from the fund and paid out to the other members. Rates can run as high as 20%, vs. about 14% for an unsecured bank loan. But the loan club may be an immigrant's only source of funds. "I would have spent months convincing a bank that my expansion plan made sense," says a New York City printer from Jamaica who wanted to add a color-lithography machine to his business. Instead, he borrowed \$18,000 at 15% interest from a loan club to buy the equipment. As a result, his annual revenues have more than doubled, from \$27,000 in 1986 to \$59,000 last year.

The loan clubs are descendants of communal arrangements that originated centuries ago. In many countries, groups of people have long pooled their cash to allow members to bury their dead or to celebrate marriages. Modern-day clubs

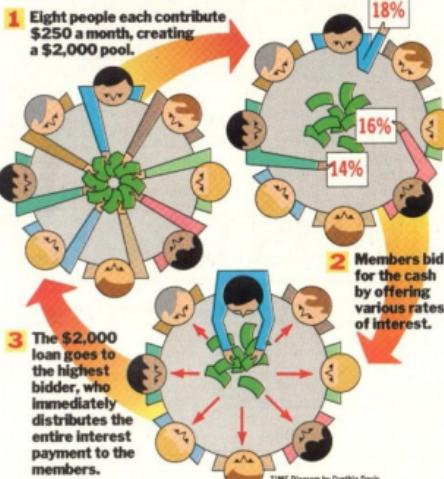
retain much of that social flavor. In a 1981-83 study of 50 people in Mexican and Mexican-American *tandas* (turns), Carlos Vélez-Ibáñez, an anthropologist at the University of Arizona, found that 17% cited family obligations such as weddings, baptisms and funerals as reasons for their participation. Each gathering of a *keh*, notes Sungsoo Kim, president of the Korean-American Small Business Center of New York, is a "great party with food and drinks and everything." Says Aurora Laredo, who owns a Mexican restaurant with her brother in Santa Monica: "A *tanda* is for helping people and for making good friends."

No *hui*, *tanda* or *keh* can be successful without a great deal of trust. Individual members may not be acquainted with one another, but they must all know and believe in the organizer, called a *keh-ju* in Korean or a *chu-hui* in Vietnamese. She covers any defaults. As compensation, the first pool is traditionally hers; in a bidding club, she receives it interest-free. Even so, the organizer benefits from strong community ties. When a new Chinese immigrant asks to join a *hui*, for example, "it does not take much effort to establish his life history," says Tom Tai, director of the Chinese Business Association in Queens, N.Y. As a result, notes Chicago's Engstrom, the vast majority of loan clubs prove quite solid. Says he: "No one wants to risk their reputation in the community by refusal to pay."

People who have lost money in a loan club rarely complain to the police, but that may be changing. Last year 23 South Korean immigrants filed a class-action fraud suit in California to recover more than \$407,000 lost in four *keh* organized by Soon Duk Cabling. Court documents show that Cabling partly financed several small businesses in San Francisco with money from the *keh*. When her stores started losing money and word of her financial problems spread, the loan clubs disintegrated. If the court decides to protect the *keh* deposits by ordering Cabling to pay up, the case, which is expected to come to trial later this summer, could set an important precedent.

Whatever the outcome, hard-pressed immigrants will go on joining ethnic loan clubs. For many, the informal banks represent a leg up on the American dream. Someday the language and cultural barriers that hold back immigrants may start to crumble. Until then, the loan clubs will no doubt prosper. —By Christine Gorman. Reported by Raji Samghadi/ New York and Dennis Wyss/ San Francisco

EVERYONE INTO THE POOL



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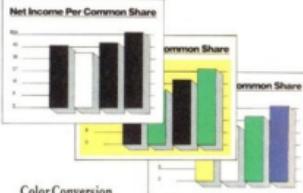
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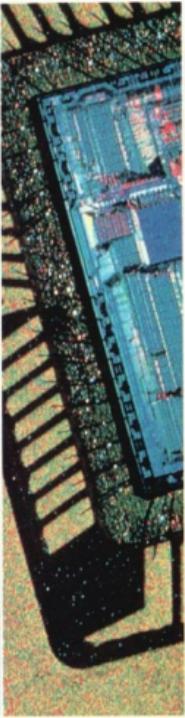
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Hitachi's wide-ranging technologies in communication [from left to right]: optical fibers, image signal processor, advanced telephone exchange system, satellite communication, and machine translation system.

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Jeep Cherokee has just made 4x4 history. For the second time in four years, Jeep Cherokee has been named 4-Wheel & Off-Road magazine's "4x4 of the Year." It's a feat no other vehicle has ever accomplished. And it's a title that doesn't come easily to anyone.

From an impressive field that included Ford, Chevrolet, and Toyota among others, the magazine chose Jeep Cherokee the best *all-around* 4x4 of the year. And as they explain it, "This isn't domestic versus import. This isn't pickup versus sport/utility. This is quarter-mile times, horsepower to weight, and day after day of off-road driving."

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4-Wheel & Off-Road 4x4 of the Year



Business Notes



MANUFACTURING Ms. Pac-man goes packing



LEISURE The last of an endangered species



PRODUCTS A Polaroid of the new film

RAIDERS

From Hero To Heavy

Time was when T. Boone Pickens was the toast of Texas, a relentless raider who could outwit all those corporate bigwigs back East. Lately, though, Pickens' lone star seems to have fallen. His efforts to take over Homestake Mining, a leading gold producer, and KN Energy, a natural-gas company, have fizzled. Because of the continuing slump in the oil patch, profits at his Mesa Limited Partnership have dropped from \$70.6 million in 1986 to \$31.9 million in 1987, a performance so poor that Pickens has had to borrow money to pay dividends.

On top of all that, Pickens has upset many folks in Amarillo, where he has long been a local hero. The controversy stems from his role as chairman of the board of regents of West Texas State University, near Amarillo. In an effort to put the school on a business footing, Pickens has overseen the removal of 19% of the faculty since 1984 and the closing of such departments as anthropology and industrial education.

Faithful members and students who oppose the cutbacks have mounted a drive to oust the school's president, Ed Roach, whose appointment was pushed by Pickens. If that fails, Pickens' critics plan to make his heavy-handed treatment of the school an issue in

this year's state elections. Pickens dismisses his antagonists as a "few noisy malcontents." Says he: "We're only trying to create a quality school to keep our top-notch young people in the Panhandle."

LEISURE

No More Cottontails

The framed *Playboy* magazine covers will come down, the mauve walls will surely be repainted, and the scanty outfits and cottontails donned by twelve Bunnies will be packed away for good. On July 31 the last *Playboy* Club in the U.S. will close its doors. Officials at the Hilton Inn in Lansing, Mich., which houses the hutch, have announced they will dismantle the operation that once employed 45 Bunnies and on one Valentine's Day attracted a crowd of 200 to watch a performance by another anachronism, Tiny Tim. It was the last of five franchises that sprang up in Midwestern cities in the 1980s, when *Playboy* Enterprises President Christie Hefner, Hugh's daughter, attempted to revive the company's club division.

Hefner had hoped to adapt the clubs, established in the 1960s as havens for male entertainment and dining, to an altered business world in which sexism had become unfashionable. But not even toned-down décor, less nudity and the

hiring of male Bunnies could bring back *Playboy*'s heydays of the 1970s, when 22 clubs flourished around the country. Hefner presided over the closing of three company-operated clubs in 1986. Two of the last three franchises, in Des Moines and Omaha, were closed in May. There are no plans, however, to shut down five clubs in Asia, where business is still hopping.

MANUFACTURING

Bally Zaps Its Video Games

Even hardened video-game junkies know that when the quarters run out, it is time to quit playing. That time has come for Bally, the entertainment powerhouse that once had the whole country zapping *Space Invaders* and propelling *Pac-man* through a maze. After 57 years of making pinball machines and, later, video games, the Chicago-based company announced it would sell its arcade-game division to WMS Industries, its major competitor, for \$8 million. Video games earned Bally \$91 million in 1982, but in 1983 the video craze cooled and profits plummeted to \$5.2 million. Bally, which owns four gambling casinos in Nevada and New Jersey, will keep making slot machines and video lottery games, which earned \$182 million last year. In the Chicago plant used to

make the arcade games, Bally will produce weight-lifting machines and other health-club equipment for Life Fitness, a subsidiary.

PRODUCTS

If You Can't Beat 'Em...

Family gatherings used to seem incomplete without a Polaroid camera. But the magic of seeing pictures 60 seconds after pushing a button faded in the early 1980s, when automatic 35-mm cameras and one-hour processing labs transformed conventional photography into a better-than-instant phenomenon. Polaroid's sales of instant cameras have fallen from 6.6 million units in 1980 to 3.8 million last year.

Adapting to the change in fortune, Polaroid announced last week that it plans to add regular film to its continuing line of instant-camera products. The company, based in Cambridge, Mass., hopes to wrest a fraction of the \$7 billion-a-year world market for conventional film from industry leaders Eastman Kodak, which controls 60% of sales, and Fuji Photo Film, with 25%. One giant plus on Polaroid's side is its brand-name recognition. In just two years of testing in Spain and Portugal, Polaroid-labeled 35-mm, 110-mm and 126-mm film captured about 5% of the market.



Only one leading coffee is naturally decaffeinated with pure mountain water and nature's sparkling effervescence. Smooth, satisfying Sanka. Of course. Sanka, absolutely nothing but pure taste.

Cinema

Is There Life in Shoot-to-Thrill?

De Niro and Willis try reviving the action-adventure genre

Bruce Willis has based his career on apologizing for being a man. Robert De Niro has based his on not apologizing for being an actor. Neither characteristic necessarily qualifies a man to play the lead in an action movie. But when the bullets are flying, the pyrotechnics are booming, and everyone is ankle-deep in broken glass, the guy who knows how to play charm is bound to look disadvantaged next to the one who knows how to play roles.

For the basic requirement in this line of work is authority: moral certitude, calm omniscience in the face of murderous excess and, if you can manage it, a touch of mature irony about the Sisyphean nature of law enforcement and order restoration. Like that other great fantasy form, the evening news, shoot-to-thrill movies require the services of an anchorman, someone who can ground implausible events in an attractive, recognizable reality.

The people who usually play this role—Clint Eastwood, Charles Bronson, Arnold Schwarzenegger—seem to have been born to it, and often to very little else. What De Niro proves in *Midnight Run* is that it is a wonderfully actable part. What Willis proves in *Die Hard* is that it is not one you can ease through, especially if your preparation runs more to body building than to character building.

Would-be action stars need a sophisticated support system, and De Niro has lucked into a lulu. He plays Jack Walsh, an ex-Chicago cop who is now earning a perilous living in Los Angeles as a bounty hunter, returning bail jumpers to their bondsmen. It looks like an easy \$100,000 when he is engaged to pick up Jonathan Mardukas (Charles Grodin) in New York City and return him to Los Angeles before his bail must be forfeited. In comparison with Walsh's usual large, violent and well-armed prey, Mardukas is soft of bulk, mild of manner and armored only by his white collar. He is also smart and something of a moralist: he has not only embezzled large sums from the Mafia but also given most of them to charity. Walsh can live with that—if only his prisoner could contain himself on the subjects of smoking, drinking, eating fried foods and getting in touch with one's feelings.

What we have here is *The Odd*

Couple on the Lam, with Mardukas trying to slip out of Walsh's clutches and the bounty hunter trying to evade the intricate triple pursuit that Screenwriter George Gallo has smartly executed. The FBI, led by burly, surly Alonso Moseley (Yaphet Kotto), wants the accountant to testify against his former employers. The gangsters want him dead before that happens. And Marvin Dorfle (John Ashton), a rival bounty hunter, dull witted and implacable, wants to abduct the abductee and claim the fee for himself.

Like the other players, Grodin gives a nicely calibrated performance as the itch his captor cannot afford to scratch too vigorously. But it is De Niro's work that

redeems an inherently improbable plot. He handles guns, quips and tight spots with the requisite elan. He brings something else to the part too: a deftly imagined sense of hard roads traveled before he hit this one, of a past lived, not just alluded to. When you root for him, you root for a man, not a killing machine.

That is basically what John McClane (Willis) becomes in *Die Hard*, though he too is introduced as a cop out of water. The script, by Jeb Stuart and Steven E. de Souza, has McClane, a New York City detective, going to the Los Angeles office Christmas party of his estranged wife (Bonnie Bedelia) in hopes of a reconciliation. Because the bash is taking place on a high floor of a high-rise, the revelers are easily sealed off from outside aid by an invading terrorist gang. The thugs miss McClane, who is in the john when they strike, so he is free to convert himself into a loose cannon, rolling through the mostly deserted building, eliminating the gang one by one.

In the first half of Director John McTiernan's movie, Willis wears an undershirt. In the second half he gets rid of it. And that's pretty much it for his performance. Of course, an actor is hard pressed to create a characterization when all he has to play against is gunshots and explosions. Any actor deserves sympathy when his love interest is sequestered from him, his nemeses are without human interest, his potential allies are all idiots, and the only sensible figure on the scene (Reginald VelJohnson) is always a walkie-talkie away. Still, Willis' presence is whiny and self-involved, and it is a ludicrous error to have him stop to confess past insensitivities before effecting his wife's climactic rescue. That is not the dramatically opportune moment to go *Moonlighting*.

Good, bad or indifferent, megabangs are beginning to cost megabucks. Reportedly, each of these films costs well over \$30 million, with De Niro and Willis pulling in about \$5 million a head. And in a season in which Schwarzenegger's *Red Heat* and Sylvester Stallone's pricey *Rambo III* are having trouble reaching profit, scholars of the bottom line are wondering if the action-adventure genre has a future. Possibly not, if people keep putting their money into more noise and bigger flames. But a performance like De Niro's, in a well-made entertainment like *Midnight Run*, is cheap at any price. And capable of restoring the audience's faith in the form. —By Richard Schickel

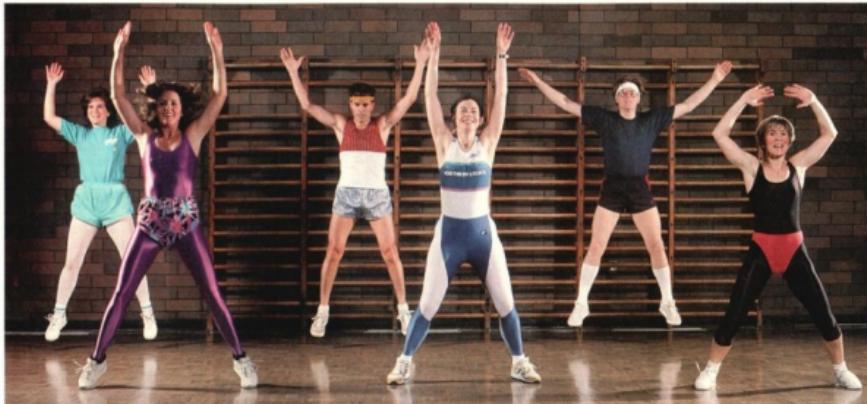


A gun-ho gunfight: Ashton, De Niro and Grodin in *Midnight Run*



Gung-ho-hum: Willis and Bedelia in *Die Hard*

Health & Fitness



Sweating out aerobics in L.A.: "Our efforts to beautify and condition our bodies have not made us, as a nation, any happier with the way we look."

A Nation of Healthy Worrywarts?

Two books charge that America has gone haywire over staying fit

Are Americans really happy in their relentless search for trim, regimented bodies? By most standards, they are the healthiest people in history, generally blessed with low cholesterol levels and normal electrocardiograms and blood counts. Yet they seem to have become so preoccupied with the quest for the elusive perfect physical condition, so haunted by the very possibility of sickness that they are unable to enjoy the benefits of good health. They love to go out in the sun, only to worry about skin cancer. They diet continually, but agonize about gaining weight. They exercise relentlessly, yet live in dread of heart disease. The result of all this worrying, says Arthur J. Barsky, associate professor of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School, is that Americans are "living the life of invalids."

In this renewed season of diet vows and basking on the beach, two provocative new books take out after the often maniacal American pursuit of health and the perfect physique. Professor Barsky's book, *Worried Sick: Our Troubled Quest for Wellness* (Little, Brown; 266 pages; \$17.95), charges that Americans "don't live exuberantly but apprehensively, as if our bodies are dormant adversaries, programmed for betrayal at any moment." Another broadside comes from University of Connecticut Sociologist Barry

Glassner in *Bodies: Why We Look the Way We Do (And How We Feel About It)* (Putnam; 288 pages; \$19.95). Glassner takes America to task for creating a culture in which people are perpetually dissatisfied with the way they look and miserable about the way they feel. "All our efforts to beautify and condition our bod-

ies," he writes, "have not made us, as a nation, any happier with the way we look."

In their constant enthusiasm for change, Americans have long been the butt of the rest of the world's jokes for embracing the latest nostrums and potions from patent medicines to vitamin E. But in recent years, argues Barsky, Americans

have taken their concern for good health to extremes, fretting about every random ache and pain. Over the past 15 years, he reports, people show people are complaining more about symptoms of illness; those who say they are satisfied with their health dropped from 61% in the 1970s to 55% in the mid-1980s. Americans seem to be on the verge of becoming, as Physician-Philosopher Lewis Thomas warned nearly a decade ago, "a nation of healthy hunchbacks, living gingerly, worried, trying ourselves half to death."

Both Barsky and Glassner are quick to point out that they do not deride the value of healthy living; only the obsessive quality that surrounds staying fat-free and well. "Because health has become synonymous with overall well-being, it has become an end in itself, a paramount aim of life," writes Barsky. In fact, keeping fit has become "quasi-religious" for some Americans, says Boston University Sociologist Peter Berger. With evangelistic fervor

The Price of Perfection

Health clubs. Some 7 million Americans, most between the ages of 25 and 44, last year spent \$5 billion on membership fees to swim, grunt on exercise equipment and play racquetball.

Equipment. Americans last year bought \$738 million worth of exercise benches, light weights, exercise bikes and treadmills for their homes. A decade earlier sales were only \$5 million.

Athletic shoes. In 1987 Americans spent \$6 billion on brand names, such as Reebok and Nike—three times what they spent in 1977.

Diet foods. About \$74 billion worth of low-calorie foods, from crackers to nondairy creamers, will be bought in the U.S. this year. That is a third of the nation's total food-store bill.

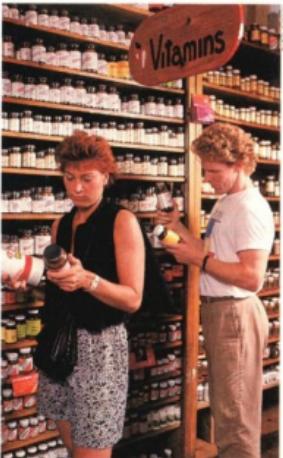
Vitamins. Manufacturers sold vitamins and minerals worth \$2.1 billion in 1987. Sales of calcium and iron supplements are growing faster than those of multivitamins.

Sunscreens. Last year the sun-care products industry raked in \$450 million, double the 1982 figure. While sales of tanning promoters are flat, sunscreens are up 12% to 15% a year.

Body-Building Impresario Jack La Lanne, 73, whose name adorns 60 health clubs on the East and West coasts, declares, "When you quit exercising, you let go. The devil will get you."

If today's temple of the body is the health spa, its altar is the Nautilus machine and its Bible is *Prevention*, the 38-year-old monthly health magazine (circ. 2.9 million). *Prevention* once ran an article on how to guard against skin cancer; each year, it said, readers should measure every mole on their bodies (with a little help from their friends) and keep careful records on a diagram.

What these acolytes are really seeking is moral purity, says Glassner. Proper eating and exercise, he writes, have become "moral acts." Such is the paranoia about staying well that, in his view, Americans have reverted to "some of the least appealing beliefs found in so-called primitive societies." Illness, for example, is viewed not as a natural process but the result of immoral action. Explains Glassner: "We suspect the illness was the person's own fault: he or she should have exercised or eaten properly."



Shopping for vitamins: search for moral purity

Psychologist and Author Rita Freedman of Scarsdale, N.Y., sees the emergence of what she calls fattism, an inclination to associate thinness with prettiness and goodness, and obesity with lassitude and lack of discipline. The way to salvation is, in Barsky's ironic words, a "tanned, trim, taut, toned body" that will be an *objet d'art*, a masterpiece to be "treasured, meticulously inspected and painstakingly maintained in peak condition." Unfortunately for most Americans, who tend to be groaners and sweaters, that remains an unattainable ideal.

Glassner argues that Americans have become so fixated on their bodies because

they feel they have little control of the world around them. They are constantly bombarded by news reports of carcinogens and pesticides in food, of asbestos fibers falling from ceilings, of pollutants in their tap water. "The body has always been a medium for expressing attitudes toward the world," says Jonathan Moreno, a medical ethicist at George Washington University, and today's obsession with healthy bodies is no different. "If our bodies are perfectible, then the world itself should also be," he says. "People who exercise want to see the world as a place that can be made as orderly as one's body."

Because of this sense that the world is an unsafe place, says Author Barsky, "we find more things wrong with ourselves. We feel under siege." Everyday ailments, from tension headaches to forgetfulness, that would once have been dismissed as normal are now seen as a symptom of disease. "We're told that everything is an early-warning sign, from night sweats and gas pains to dry coughs," says Barsky. "But it's normal for some people to sweat at night, a dry cough will probably go away, and gas pains are gas pains." Americans, he declares, "have to stop running around trying to cure the ailments of everyday life and make peace with themselves."

Glassner also believes Americans "must find other, more realistic options" to this "tyranny of perfection." He does, however, see some hope in the notion that people are beginning to discover that what they once thought of as the ideal body isn't quite so ideal after all. Instead, "it stands not only for beauty and health," he says, "but also for false hopes and prejudices." Moreover, he notes, "that knowledge may be disheartening at first, but it also frees us—to exercise and eat in ways that match our own needs rather than the dictates of the latest fad."

The American passion for health may add up simply to the age-old need to stay young, the narcissistic belief that it is possible to keep the body looking more youthful than it really is. But is youth really all that perfect? "We have a paradigm in mind of youth being equated with symmetrical features, perfect breasts, vigor, tone and moist, tanned skin," says George Washington's Moreno. "Go out on the street and look. You just don't see that out there." Even so, the daily battle to stay fit and youthful goes on, even if a high price must be paid in anxiety.

One plump 45-year-old woman Glassner interviewed bemoaned the demands of a society that places such emphasis on youth. Her mother, she says, was allowed to look 45 at 45, "but I'm supposed to look 25." There is "something crazy about expecting me to make pancakes for everybody on Sunday morning and not eat them," she says. "And that's the only way to keep trim, to have dry toast and half a grapefruit, and exercise." And while you're at it, don't forget to take your calcium tablet.

—By David Brand.

Reported by Janice M. Horowitz/New York

Video

Blink of the Eye

CBS shakes up management as it falters in the ratings

More than once in his 23 years as a researcher, producer, vice president and finally president of CBS News, Howard Stringer must have cursed the network's top brass. With one eye on the ratings and another on the bottom line, they have too often canceled a news program before it had a chance to catch on. Now Stringer will have no one to blame but himself. Last week, in a dramatic realignment of CBS management, Chief Executive Laurence Tisch elevated Stringer, 46, to the presidency of the CBS Broadcast Group. Though he has no direct experience in entertainment programming—the network's bread and butter—the Welsh-born newsmen will now run everything from the CBS prime-time schedule to its radio shows.

For the first time in the network's history, an outsider will take over as news president: David Burke, executive vice president at ABC News. Outgoing Broadcast Group President Gene Jankowski will assume the less taxing post of broadcast



Howard Stringer



David Burke

chairman. Said Tisch: "This is a start of a new era."

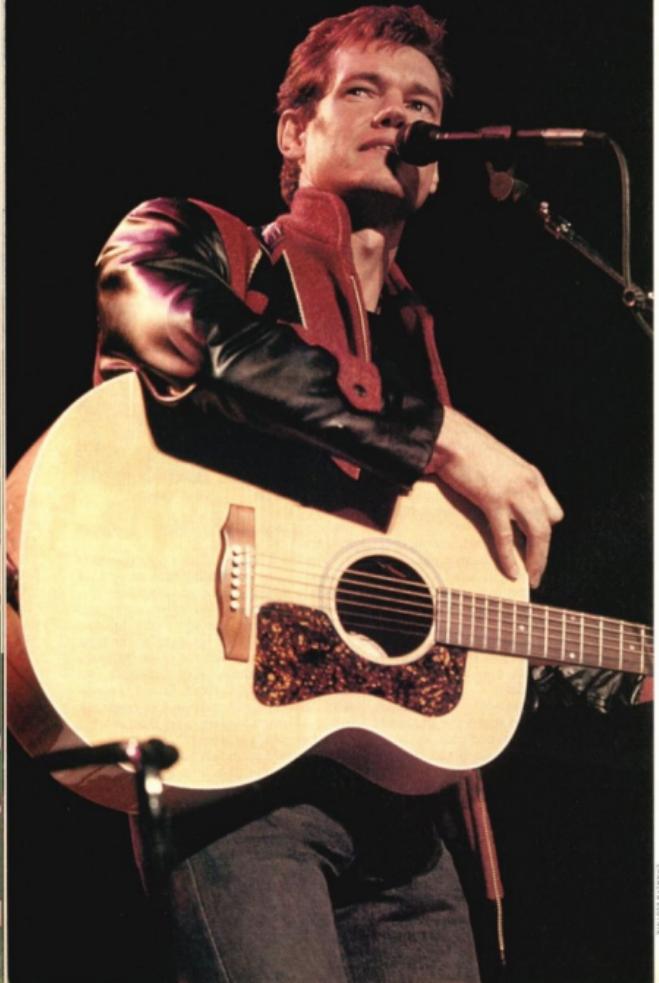
And so it seems. After a long period of turmoil at CBS—including protests against layoffs and budget cuts, and a spate of embarrassing kiss-and-tell books—the appointments were greeted with unusual comity. Burke "is the right guy at the right time," said Mike Wallace of *60 Minutes*. Executive Producer Don Hewitt was equally enthusiastic about Stringer's elevation: "Howard will provide a sympathetic ear to talented writers, and that is what show business is all about."

A shrewd politician and ebullient leader, Stringer says that, among other things, he hopes to mend fences with Hollywood's TV producers, many of whom have become disenchanted with CBS. "I want to make this a place where we can talk about ideas, new ways of doing things," he says. Given the network's unprecedented third-place finish in last season's prime-time ratings race, he is going to need all the good ideas he can muster.

Music

Trippin' Through The Crossroads

Led by Grammy Winner Randy Travis, a shock of bold talent revives country music



When it comes to country music, there is a choice of parties.

Hank Williams Jr. has a roarer going on over at a big spread near Nashville. It's really a video event, fired up just so there could be a rauous, celebrity-studded promo for Hank's hit tune, *All My Rowdy Friends Are Coming over Tonight*. And there it is, a real booze-and-barbecue bash, with lots of huggy-bunny country gals sashaying all around folks who dropped in, sometimes via limo, to pay old Hank Jr. their respects. There's Waylon Jennings and Willie Nelson and Kris Kristofferson. Hank Jr. sings his song, roaming all around the large house and out into the yard, which appears to be the size of one of the smaller islands in the Pacific archipelago. The visiting celebs all make eye contact with the camera. Everyone looks to be having a helluva good time.

Rodney Crowell has a party going on too, and it's also for a video. Out on some piece of road in Wartrace, Tenn., he grabs his guitar and starts lip-syncing the words to *I Couldn't Leave You If I Tried*. He stops what little traffic there is. Drivers and passengers, none of them recognizable to anyone but their neighbors, climb out of cars, pickups and delivery trucks to join in the song. They all smile, mostly at one another, and dance around.

You can forget about all those snazzy houses and all those famous folks. Hank and Willie and Waylon and other "outlaws" of the '70s have suddenly become—no, could it be?—the older generation in country music. The Crowell shindig is right where the action in country music has moved: the crossroads. There has been a lot of traffic there lately, at the delicate junction where country meets its past, sizes up its future and—probably most important—gives its musical motor and goes off in its own direction. And Crowell, a wonderfully gifted songwriter and rambunctious performer, isn't even driving the fastest car in the pack.

Once all the records sold and hits charted and awards won are totted up, the slickest wheels on the road would belong to Randy Travis. 29, whose first album, *Storms of Life*, sold 2 million copies, whose second, *Always and Forever*, sold 3 million. Travis' major career worry for the past year would appear to be that his new album, called *Old 8x10* and just now in stores, might dislodge *Always* from the top of the country charts, where it has perched for almost a year. One million copies of *Old 8x10* have already been ordered up by retail outlets, and reorders seem a solid bet. The record's blend of sweet vocals and straightforward sentiment should go down smoothly with Travis' growing number of fans.

Travis has some daunting stats going for him, sure enough. But all the commotion in country music right now is more than just a matter of numbers. Overall, its radio share has remained consistent dur-

Travis in a recent concert: sweet vocals and straightforward sentimentality

PHOTOGRAPH BY



Lyle Lovett in concert: "Never been arrested, and I don't do drugs at all. But I do what I want with my music, so I get away with murder there"

ing the past few years; it corners a mite above 10% of the national audience. And sales of records and tapes are fine, thank you: in 1987, country accounted for about 10% of the 5.6 billion musical dollars plunked down in the U.S.

What makes country hot at the moment is something that can't be graphed or computed. But it can be heard, sometimes on radio stations that play rock or even—shudder—easy listening. There is a bumper crop of new talent around, making personal, adventurous, uncompromised music for a wider audience that is not bound by country's strict conventions. It could be that things haven't been so fertile since the '50s, with the coming of Johnny Cash and the brash flush of rockabilly. For sure, the pickings haven't been so rich since Waylon and Willie and Merle and Kris broke through more than a decade ago.

All those outlaws of the past decade, those rebels against the deep-shag songwriting of mainstream Nashville, have become the '80s Establishment. There is a new pack out there now, Travis and Crowell, Lyle Lovett and Nanci Griffith, K.T. Oslin and the O'Kanes and the supercharged Steve Earle. They are shaking all the wrinkles out of the music and ironing it into a different shape.

Travis is the ideal—indeed, the pluperfect—symbol for this accidental movement, the soft-spoken, tall-sitting, sweet-singing eye of a most congenial storm. "People think country music is related to a

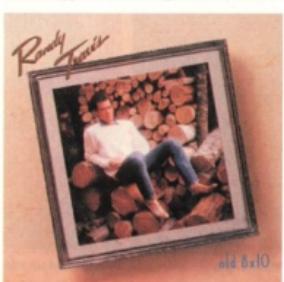
bunch of rednecks drinking beer and fighting," he reflects, with the pleasing tang of a North Carolina accent. "They think it's all songs about drinking and cheating. But it covers a lot bigger area than that, you know." He pauses, as if taking a survey of the acreage he is trying to describe. Then, after a minute, there is a shrug and a simple, smiling, "Covers everything."

When he sings, it surely seems to. For his years, he has done a fair amount of living, not all of it above the law, and he has a voice that can really slide around a lyric, sound smooth flowing and knowing at the same time. *Forever and Ever, Amen*, which topped the country charts for three

weeks, is a straight-ahead tune, an up-tempo litany of undying devotion—all right, it's almost corny—but Travis pulls it from the brink of bathos with some hair-trigger phrasing and a very sly, very worldly tone of voice. This singer's commitment may be total, but it's got as much to do with carnality as idealism.

The heat is all in the suggestion and the styling, of course. On the surface, everything is on the up-and-up. If it weren't, Travis would not have scored the invitation last year to become the youngest male member of the Grand Ole Opry. The first time he set foot on the stage of Country Central, he recalls, "no stage, anywhere, it don't matter the amount of people in the audience, no stage has made me feel like the Opry, has scared me as bad. By the time I finished my first two songs and came off, I was literally to the point of shaking. Done gone all to pieces!"

The Opry is well known to be the citadel of country conservatism—an ornery character like Earle, more rock oriented and bolder lyrically, might use the word conformity—but Travis will pay homage to tradition. Earle will joke about his "heavy-metal bluegrass" sound, and share, with Crowell and Griffith, a high regard for the personalized regionalism of the Texas singer-songwriter Townes Van Zandt. Oslin sings with a voice that has as much Broadway in it as Biloxi, and Kieran Kane of the O'Kanes will talk about a hypnotic love song of theirs called *All Because of You* just like this: "The music sort of



Already a winner: Travis' new album

Music

drifts off, gets real atonal and out of time, which is not normal in country music." Lovett, now he's not, normal, with his spooky, funny tunes about ponies sailing oceans. But *atonal*, for Lord's sake. That's not normal, that's close to sacrilege.

And that's not for Travis. He speaks with reverence of the greats—Patsy Cline and Hank Williams, Merle Haggard and George Jones, Lefty Frizzell and Jim Reeves—but he has to be pressed to single out a contemporary. Even then, the answer doesn't come easily, and those he mentions—like George Strait and Reba McEntire—are straight, no-chaser country types. Growing up in Marshville, N.C. (pop. 2,011, right on the South Carolina border below Charlotte), Travis, with five brothers and sisters, got an earful of teen tunes, from Kiss to Clapton, Led Zep to ZZ Top. "My brothers and sisters, people I went to school with—I mean all of them—were definitely into rock 'n' roll. Sure, I heard it. I mean, if I was riding in a car with them, I didn't have a lot of choice. But it never really appealed to me that much." What got to Randy was his dad's collection of old country 78s, and even now Travis can recall the immediacy of the music and loving the sound of the voices before he could make full sense of the lyrics.

It was likely that love that kept Randy's rocking peers reasonably respectful of his musical interests. The family was Baptist, affiliated, but Daddy Harold Traywick, a hard-tempered turkey farmer and horse trader, and Mama Bobbie, a textile worker, bent the church rules a little bit and had the kids perform at VFW halls and Moose lodges, doing a country act as the Traywick Brothers. (Randy changed to his current moniker when he signed with Warner Bros. Records, which suggested that "Travis" might sound a little . . . well, fleeter.)

Travis packed high school in when he was 15 ("I didn't even finish the ninth grade"), but the year before, he had commenced a different kind of education when he was caught driving drunk and trying to outrun a cop. "I can't count the times I've been in jail," he says. "I never had to go to prison, but once, for ten weeks. I had to go to the Monroe jail every Friday night and leave Monday morning." Finally, at about age 17, Randy got busted for breaking and entering. Looking at five years in prison, he had some luck. In his more respectable moments, he had hooked up with a woman named Lib Hatcher, who ran a club in Char-

lotte called Country City U.S.A. She gave him a job, stood up for him in court, and the judge let Randy go with a warning: "Son, if you come back to my courtroom, bring your toothbrush."

Travis took up the guitar in a serious way instead ("I'm still not a great player, though. I just mainly play rhythm"). Hatcher remembers that he was "very, very shy. He would hardly talk to me, even after I hired him." He didn't have much to talk about, between guitar and all the handymanning and mechanical-bull handling she had him doing around the club, never mind the singing. He had won a Country City amateur contest, and settled in at the club for what was to be a five-year stay. "One day," says Hatcher, "Randy was rehearsing with the band, and his dad went home for something, I don't remember exactly why, but Randy stayed in Charlotte. He never went back home after that." The father-son relationship is still sometimes prickly. "Randy's father has not ever, not one time has he thanked me for what I've done," says Hatcher. "His mother has. She's a wonderful lady."

Lib and Randy shared a few things in common, including, it is often suggested, a strong romantic entanglement. "It is a great partnership" is as far as Randy will

Six Signposts on a New Country Mile

Randy Travis has come a long way by respecting country music's traditions. Other acts out there, though, are raising a ruckus by tangling up those roots with all sorts of other music. Six signposts for this new country mile: Rodney Crowell, Steve Earle, the O'Kanes, Nanci Griffith, K. T. Oslin and Lyle Lovett.

Rodney Crowell and Steve Earle, both Texas-bred, are the new country's hell raisers. Crowell's CBS album, *Diamonds and Dirt*, is a benchmark for country, a seamless blend of strong beat, gritty humor and surprising tenderness. Crowell, 37, who is married to another gifted performer, Johnny Cash's daughter Rosanne, is a Renaissance man in a bolo tie. He is an adept guitar player, a deft producer and a wondrous songwriter whose major problem is letting his head get in the way of his heart. "If I can keep my brain out of my music, everything will be great," he says. "But whenever anybody asks, I say 'I play country music, and I play a little rock 'n' roll.' When I'm finally pinned down, I have to say I'm country."

It is no struggle to pin down Steve Earle, however. "Stylistically, I'm a country singer, and I will always be a country singer because I talk like this," he says in a striking Panhandle rasp. "What I'm doing is country and rock, and I don't think they are mutually exclusive terms." It is no

easy matter to convince everyone, though. *Guitar Town*, his semiinal 1986 MCA album, was full of great tunes—Springsteen on a two-lane blacktop—and should have settled all conflicts of style. But, he reports, "I'm at war with the record company on the West Coast about using steel guitar and mandolin, and I'm at war with Nashville over drums being too loud. But I think everyone is starting to become more comfortable with what I am."

At 33, four times married, Earle seems occasionally to be dedicating himself to Faron Young's country credo: "Live fast, love hard and die young." A fracas with a trouble-oriented Dallas cop last New Year's Eve will bring him to trial on an assault charge July 25, after finishing his new UNI album, *Copperhead Road*. He could be referring to both his legal exploits and his musical experiments when he predicts, "It's safe to say I'll never get on the Grand Ole Opry now." *Copperhead Road* mixes pertinent politics and a heavy beat and makes no apologies for either. Says Earle, neatly wrapping up and dismissing the deepest country conventions at once: "Anybody who is writing 150 positive love songs is lying about something."

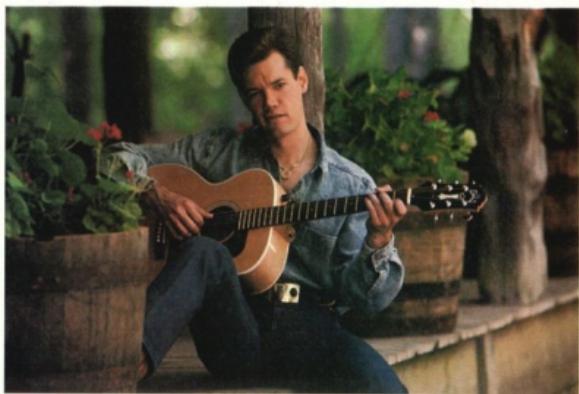
Love is a subject much considered by Nanci Griffith, 34, who likes to call herself "just a little folkabilly songwriter," and K. T. Oslin, who



Head and heart: Crowell



Dreams and surprises: Oslin



On the porch at his farm near Nashville: "Out in the country, now that feels like home."

go to characterize the relationship. But Hatcher, fortyish, is as close to her boy now as she was way back in 1978, when she put up \$10,000 for his first two singles, released by a local label out of Shreveport, La. They also shared a strong sense of Randy's destiny and in 1981 were already making the rounds and plugging songs in

Nashville. Finally, in 1985, a Warner Bros. Records exec tuned in on what Hatcher had been hearing for a decade and signed Travis to a singles contract. His first shot was the liltin *On the Other Hand*, which flopped at first, but his second, 1982, made the Top Ten. Warner signed Travis for an album, which be-

came the 2 million-selling *Storms of Life*, and *On the Other Hand*, re-released, went to No. 1. All of a sudden, Travis was on the fast track, with the pedal to the metal. Would a chorus of *I Told You So* sound too much like gloating?

"Over the course of ten years' trying, you learn a lot," Travis allows. "Even if you're not very smart, you can learn a lot." He has plenty to show for his efforts, like a new \$500,000 whirlpool-equipped tour bus, which replaced the converted bread truck and delivery van that used to freight the musicians from gig to gig. He can also take off-road consolation in the property he just bought in Cheatham County, 20 miles out of Nashville, where he and Hatcher share a renovated century-old log cabin.

Since in the past year he's been off the road only for scattered five-day stretches, downtime is to be cherished. "I love to ride," he says, and he takes one of his three horses over his new spread, sometimes staying near the creek that runs around his cabin in a languid semicircle, like a lucky horseshoe. "Out in the country," he says, "now that feels like home. That is how I was raised, out away from everybody, and that is what I still like." Randy Travis knows his rightful place. And he stays hard by his roots. —By Jay Cocks.

Reported by Elizabeth L. Bland/New York

surprised everyone—herself most of all—by winning a Grammy in March for her hit RCA single '80's *Ladies*. It was from her first album, and Oslin is 46. "It's dreamlike," says Oslin, a sometime actress. "I feel like I'm playing the role of a country singer. But I'd rather be starting now than ending now." Both women were brought up in Texas; however, where Oslin's writing and performing are foursquare, Griffith is delicate but deliberate. She started writing in grade school, she says, "mainly out of self-defense, 'cause I was so lousy at guitar." She admires the work of such fiction writers as Eudora Welty and Carson McCullers, and in tunes like *Love Wore a Halo* (on her strong-selling MCA album *Little Love Affairs*), Griffith can be heard trying to chase that same magnolia-and-nightshade muse to ground.

Her songs, delivered in a winsome, not entirely wholesome voice, have a strange after-echo that makes them kissing cousins with Griffith but more in common with an unorthodox satirist like Randy Newman. "I've never been to jail, never been arrested, and I don't do drugs at all," says Lovett, with no apparent regret. "It wouldn't work for me. But I do what I want with my music, so I get away with murder there." Raised in a Lutheran family outside Houston, Lovett, whose gentle eyes are set into the lean, long-jawed face of a back-alley shiv artist, acts straight but makes intrepid music. Listen to the recent *Pontiac* (MCA), and you can really hear him cut loose in tunes like *If I Had a Boat*:



Exploits and experiments: Earle

"The mystery masked man was smart/ He got himself a Tonto/ 'Cause Tonto did the dirty work for free/ But Tonto he was smarter/ And one day said kemo sabe/ Kiss my ass I bought a boat/ I'm going out to sea."

The whirrigigs of sound woven by Jamie O'Hara, 37, and Kieran Kane, 38, go even deeper than the roots Travis usually cites. The O'Kanes, as the boys bill themselves, hail respectively from Toledo and Queens, N.Y., but they sing harmony like the Everly Brothers and play extended riffs on guitar and mandolin that kick tunes like *One True Love* out of the country and into the cosmos. Their two CBS albums (the recent *Tired of the Runnin'* has made it to No. 21 on the country charts and spawned a Top 5 single besides) are flawless but far from slick. At their frequent best, the O'Kanes can plunge back farther than Nashville, all the way to the spooky, spiritual mountain music of the Carter Family and the Tenneva Ramblers. "I don't recognize it," admitted a brand-new O'Kanes fan at a recent Rochester concert. "But I like it."

"People our generation and younger have grown up with a rock music attitude surrounding us," O'Hara says. "That means we share a rebelliousness and a willingness to take some chances." Those chances, even when they are as respectful as Travis' or as roughhouse as Steve Earle's, are already paying handsome dividends. There's new times in country at last. And good times too. —By Jay Cocks.

Reported by Jeannie McDowell/Nashville and Jeannie Park/New York



Magnolia and nightshade: Griffith

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Religion

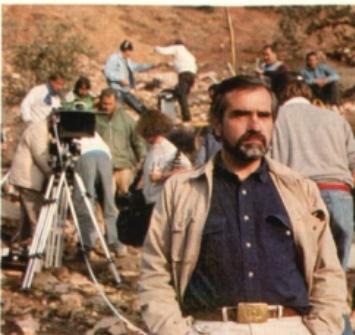
Days of Ire and Brimstone

A new film about Jesus Christ raises a storm of protest

Judas Iscariot as the most loyal of Christ's disciples. Mary Magdalene as the former girlfriend who still tempts the Saviour and haunts his fantasies. John the Baptist as the center of a hysterical cult. And Jesus himself as a reluctant leader, subject to paranoid visions, uncertain if he is heeding the call of God or Satan. These are the unorthodox interpretations to be found in *The Last Temptation of Christ*, a new film directed by Martin Scorsese and based on the 1955 Nikos Kazantzakis novel.

Though the movie is not scheduled for release by Universal Pictures until this fall, a storm of protest has already begun. At a press conference last week, a group of conservative Christian ministers demanded that the studio destroy all copies of the film. The ministers, who had not seen the film but had read a version of the screenplay, charged that it portrays Jesus "as a mentally deranged and lust-driven man." Said the Rev. Lloyd John Ogilvie of the First Presbyterian Church of Hollywood: "It is the most serious misuse of film craft in the history of filmmaking." An ad placed by 61 Christians in the *Hollywood Reporter* declared, "Our Lord was crucified once on the cross. He doesn't deserve to be crucified a second time on celluloid."

Fundamentalists are upset by scenes in which Christ (Willem Dafoe) is shown as tormented and self-accusatory ("I lied, I am afraid. Lucifer is inside me") and in



Scorsese on the set of *Last Temptation*, in Morocco

which he persuades Judas (Harvey Keitel) to betray him because it is God's plan. But what has them fuming is a portion of a final dream sequence—meant to be Christ's hallucination while on the cross—in which Jesus is shown briefly engaged in sexual relations with Mary Magdalene, played by Barbara Hershey.

Scorsese, the director of *Taxi Driver* and *The Color of Money*, has tried for years to make a film of *The Last Temptation*. Paramount had planned to produce it in 1983 but backed away, fearing pressure from Fundamentalists. When Universal undertook the project, it hired

born-again Marketers Tim Penland and the Rev. Larry Poland to help allay concern about the film among their fellow conservative Christians. The pair marked 80 out of 120 script pages where they thought dialogue or action would be unacceptable, then resigned, they say, after concluding that Universal would not respond to their objections and had used them only to head off protests.

When Universal arranged screenings last week, conservative ministers refused to attend. Representatives of the Greek Orthodox Church complained that they were not invited, despite requests to discuss their reservations. Roman Catholic leaders have yet to offer any comment.

Some more liberal church leaders who viewed the movie at a New York screening came away wondering what all the fuss was about. "The film will help people understand their own commitment to Jesus," said the Rev. William Fore of the National Council of Churches. Author Kazantzakis, who died in 1957, was himself

a man of deep, if idiosyncratic religious belief. But that did not prevent the Greek Orthodox Church from censoring him or the Vatican from placing his novel on its since-abandoned Index of Forbidden Books. In response, Kazantzakis sent the Vatican a wire that borrowed a line from the early Christian writer Tertullian, calling upon the judgment of a higher authority: "Ad tuum, domine, tribunal appello" ("To your tribunal, Lord, I make my appeal"). Universal's only appeal may be the tribunal of the box office.

—By Richard Lacayo.

Reported by Brooke Masters/New York and James Willwerth/Los Angeles

Milestones

BORN. To Norman Lear, 65, TV impresario (*The Jeffersons*); a liberal activist, and his wife Psychologist Lyn Lear, 40; a son (their first, although Lear has three children by previous marriages); in Los Angeles. Name: Benjamin Davis.

NAMED. William J. McCarthy, 69, quick-tempered vice president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, to succeed Jackie Presser, who died last week, as union president; in Washington. The Teamsters' 17-member executive board selected McCarthy over Weldon Mathis, Presser's handpicked successor, who had been the union's acting head since May 4. McCarthy inherits the task of fending off a sweeping federal lawsuit that seeks to oust the Teamsters' leadership for its ties to organized crime.

INDICTED. Mario Calero, 53, brother of Nicaraguan Contra Leader Adolfo Calero;

founder of the *contra*-support group Civilian Materiel Assistance; Jack Terrell, 47, former *contra*-mercenary turned outspoken opponent; and four others; on charges of violating the U.S. Neutrality Act; in Fort Lauderdale. The seven are charged with conspiring to conduct combat operations against Nicaragua.

FINED. Bess Myerson, 64, ex-Miss America and former New York City cultural affairs commissioner, \$100 and \$48.50 in court costs, upon her plea of guilty to shoplifting \$44 worth of merchandise on May 27; in Williamsport, Pa.

MARRIED. Nancy Colbert Friday, 50, best-selling popular-psychology author (*My Mother/My Self*) and Norman Pearlstein, 45, managing editor of the *Wall Street Journal*; she for the second time, he for the third; in New York City.

RECOVERING. Joe DiMaggio, 73, courtly Yankee legend, from surgery to repair a weakened artery in his abdomen; in Miami. The successful operation forced the Hall of Fame centerfielder and three-time American League MVP to miss his annual appearance at the Yankees old-timers' game.

DIED. Joshua Logan, 79, stage and screen director of such long-running hits as *Annie Get Your Gun*, *Picnic*, *Mister Roberts* and *Camelot*; in Manhattan. Logan co-wrote and co-produced some of his biggest successes, including *South Pacific*, for which he, Composer Richard Rodgers and Lyricist Oscar Hammerstein shared the 1950 Pulitzer Prize. A manic-depressive, Logan spoke widely on the subject in his later years. "Without my illness," he wrote, "I would have missed the sharpest, the rarest and, yes, the sweetest moments of my existence."

Education

A Fresh Breath of Heresy

Soviet schools—and pupils—start to tell it like it was

On the morning of June 24, Tenth-Grader Dmitri Predkov, 17, stood up to answer a question in his history class at Moscow's Middle School No. 734. The question: "Is *perestroika* [Gorbachev's economic and social reforms] a natural stage in the development of Soviet socialism?" Dmitri's answer: No, it is not. He added the tart opinion that some people say otherwise "only because Gorbachev is head of our party." A classmate, looking sporty in a black leather tie, was equally bold in discussing the loosening con-

not to repeat the mistakes of the past."

In line with Gorbachev's calls for a more candid assessment of the past, the Soviet State Committee on Education in May canceled all traditional history exams, which are based on old-party-line texts. Instead, it ordered ungraded, open "discussion" groups of the sort held in Middle School 734, where teachers could judge their students' actual knowledge of the past. A June 10 editorial in the government daily *Izvestia* championed the decision and took the opportunity to blast

claims, "The leadership of the party of Communists is working well and is building a new, happy life."

Soviet educators worry that such skewed texts in history and other subjects may stifle creative thinking. Worse, the combination of bad books and ideologically rigid pedagogy may put Soviets at a competitive disadvantage in the world arena. "I'm ashamed to say it, but my grandchildren study more or less from the textbooks that I used as a child before the war," one man wrote to *Pravda*.

In a rush to plug the knowledge gap, revised books are being churned out: 160 teams of authors recently submitted manuscripts in a competition for new texts. Despite the haste, chances are that the books will not be ready in time for the fall, and the quality of the entries is said to be uneven. "Those in history still don't give the full story," growls Igor Parabin, editor of the national teachers' newspaper.

The new texts are only one part of a larger revolution in the general outlook of Soviet education. "The main task of the changes is to make school more humanitarian, to give up the technocratic view that only technical upbringing is necessary," explains Eduard Dneprov of the Soviet Academy of Pedagogical Sciences.

This broader, more liberal-arts approach is enthusiastically endorsed by teachers. Says Yevgeny Yamburg, who is both the principal and a history instructor at Moscow's Middle School No. 109: "If an engineer has never heard Tchaikovsky's music, that is terrible." In addition, teachers will for the first time be given the option to choose among texts and to diversify curriculums, which have long been dictated by the central government. "Three or four years ago, any variations in instruction methods were unthinkable," admits Vladimir Shadrikov, vice chairman of the state education committee. "Now all this has become a reality."

While awaiting a new generation of textbooks, teachers of history glean material from *glasnost*-era news articles telling long-repressed tales, such as that of Nikolai Bukharin, whose free-market economics (presaging Gorbachev's) helped get him executed by Stalin. The impact of these makeshift texts is already apparent in the discussions in Yamburg's Moscow classroom, where 15-year-olds recently debated Stalin's role in Soviet history. "He had a lot to do with the industrialization and collectivization of our country," asserted one blond-haired boy. But a classmate countered, "Some consider him a criminal because he ruined our country's industrial system."

Yamburg beamed with pride at his students' lively performance. "I feel my chief task is to form nonconformist minds," says the veteran instructor and Communist Party member. Quite a change from the party line of yesteryear. —By Ezra Bowen



Exam time in a Moscow classroom: freewheeling discussions, complaints about Stalin

"I feel my chief task is to form nonconformist minds," insists a veteran teacher.

straints on Soviet citizens. People of all stripes, "even fascists," he insisted, should have the legal right to form their own political parties to challenge the Communist Party. Said the openly skeptical Predkov: "We don't have any rights. They're just words on paper."

Just one year ago, such dialogue would have seemed pure heresy anywhere in the Soviet Union, let alone in a classroom, where doctrine has reigned and dissidence has been risky. Yet in the era of *glasnost*, talk like this is now allowed in schools all over the country. The stunning change came upon the insistence of Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev for rapid reform in the education system. "We pin hopes for the future largely on the work of our schools," he told a meeting of the Communist Party Central Committee five months ago. The Soviet people, he said in another speech, must learn history as it really happened (rather than as the party had long told it), "so as

the authors of old-line histories: 'Immeasurable is the guilt of those who deluded generation after generation, poisoning their minds and souls with lies.' (Never mind that the pre-*glasnost* *Izvestia* had long done the same.)

The old texts are indeed rife with distortions, deletions and historical venom. One book, for example, offers a bizarre assessment of the assassination of John F. Kennedy. According to this text, "international opinion viewed this 'crime of the century' as the deed of ultra-rightists linked to the CIA and carrying out the will of the oil magnates of Texas." Texts on Soviet history tend to celebrate triumph after triumph, from the success of the Revolution to victory in World War II to the launch of Sputnik. They gloss over Stalin's purges, the starvation of millions during the collectivization of farms, military blunders that nearly lost the war to Hitler and corruption in the Brezhnev era. Meanwhile, an elementary primer

Some women think they need to take an occasional rest from the Pill. So they switch to a less effective form of birth control, and increase their chances of getting pregnant. Just how restful this can be is highly questionable. What is certain, however, is that there's no medical evidence that supports this notion of taking a break. None.

There are other myths, misconceptions and questions about the Pill. What about the Pill and breast cancer? Although there are conflicting reports concerning this issue, the Centers for Disease Control reported that women who took the Pill—even for 15 years—ran no higher risk of breast cancer than the women who didn't. They also reported that ovarian and uterine cancer are substantially *less* common among women on the Pill. What's more, Pill users are less likely to develop pelvic inflammatory disease (tubal infections), benign breast disease, and iron deficiency anemia—not to mention menstrual cramps. And the rumor that the Pill makes you less fertile is just that. Rumor. Studies indicate that if you were fertile before you took the Pill, taking it should not affect your ability to have children later. Some women

SHOULD YOU TAKE A BREAK FROM THE PILL?

may experience a short period of readjustment after discontinuing the Pill. But even so, they usually become pregnant soon.

So does the Pill have any real risks? Yes. And you should know what those risks are. For example, if you are taking the Pill, you should not smoke. Especially if you're over 35. Cigarette smoking is known to increase the risk of serious and possibly life-threatening adverse effects on the heart and blood vessels from Pill use. What's more, women with certain conditions or medical histories should not use the Pill. Even if you're already on the Pill, you should see your doctor at least once a year. And be sure to read the patient information that's included in every Pill package.

When it comes to birth control, the best advice is to seek out the best advice. Go to reliable sources. Ask a lot of questions. Discuss all the options with your doctor.

Because only then will you know where the myth ends. And the truth begins.

The No-Shows at Israel's Party

U.S. tourists, especially, shy away from the troubled Holy Land

This was to be the best summer ever. Israel was throwing a lavish 40th-birthday party, and the Ministry of Tourism expected the crowds to break all records. Foreign visitors would flock to the festivals or the spectacular \$12 million staging of Verdi's *Nabucco* in the 5,000-seat Sultan's Pool. They would sample the rich history of Jerusalem, the flashing, clear waters of Eilat, the archaeological drama of Masada. Bracing for flood of guests, Hyatt International unveiled a \$60 million, 500-room hotel in Jerusalem. Airlines scheduled extra flights, and car-rental agencies planned to plump up their fleets. Israeli tourist officials, anticipating 1.5 million visitors and record revenues of more than \$2 billion, launched an ad campaign saying "You've thought about it long enough . . . Come visit us in Israel."

But what the officials could not have foreseen was the chilling effect of the civil unrest that has exploded in Israel since December. Rioting Palestinians in the occupied territories have been stoning Israeli soldiers, and the soldiers have been fighting back—with much of the action flashing on television screens around the world. Although the violence has been largely limited to the West Bank and Gaza, many potential tourists see a country clouded by tear gas and moral ambiguities and are choosing to stay away. Tourism since April is 24% lower than in the same quarter last year. Hundreds of charter flights have been scrubbed and the *Nabucco* extravaganza canceled; hotels stand half empty. If the trend continues, Israel could lose \$300 million this year of the \$1.5 billion it earns from tourism.

Roughly 25% of Israel's tourists come from the U.S., and they have been the first to change their plans. Tourism from the U.S. declined 28% in June alone. Most of the cancellations, not surprisingly, come from would-be first-time visitors rather than those who visit regularly and have family and friends in Israel. Many Europeans, meanwhile, seem undaunted by reports of the riots. The number of visitors from Japan, Germany, Scandinavia and Switzerland has actually increased this year, although that from France has decreased 20%.

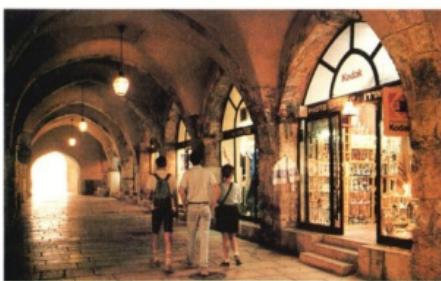
Tourism officials blame



Great expectations: plenty of room at the Hyatt Regency

the media for their coverage of the conflict. Argues Minister of Tourism Avraham Sharir: "The bad publicity we are receiving is scaring people from coming here, especially from North America." Sharir says he has lodged a complaint with the U.S. State Department about its travel advisory on the West Bank and Gaza, warning U.S. citizens "to avoid travel to these areas until further notice."

Hardest hit by the cancellations is Jerusalem, where stores, hotels and restaurants are desperate for some well-heeled visitors. Along the Cardo, a rebuilt Roman



Hard times: surviving shops in the Cardo arcade in Jerusalem

"It doesn't pay to open up in the morning," says a cashier.

boulevard in the Old City, ten of the 18 shops have closed; others have had to slash prices to attract customers. "My sales are off 80% because I sell mainly to Americans," says Eli Heller, manager of a leather-apparel store. Grumblies

Ruth Elkayam, a cashier at Tayelet restaurant: "It doesn't pay to open up in the morning. Our business is off by 90%, and instead of 40 workers we have 17." At the new Hyatt Regency, the management closed several floors and dispatched the general manager to the U.S. to drum up business. And, notes Executive Assistant Manager Moshe Sand, "we no longer advertise that we are a stone's throw away from the holy sites."

American tourists who defy the alarms are sometimes viewed at home as mad adventurers. "When I told my friends we were going to Israel, they said, 'What! Are you crazy?'" says Florida Dentist Selden Schwartzberg. "They're the ones who are crazy—for staying at home." To date there have been no reports of injuries to tourists, and the Schwartzbergs are confident that their guide will keep them away from the trouble spots. "I've seen more crime in Hollywood, Fla., than I have seen in all of Israel," says Maureen. "American Jews should be ashamed to stay away now."

As the Schwartzbergs' comments suggest, Israelis make special claims on travelers' loyalties. American Jews who cancel trips can find themselves the object of sharp criticism. "American Jews have a responsibility to disregard the reports and come here," says Harry Wall, director of the Anti-Defamation League office in Israel. "Anyone who stays away is succumbing to Arab pressure."

Government officials and tourism industry leaders are scrambling to counter the negative image and limit the loss of revenues. Some hotels offer package plans with twelve months to pay. One five-star Eilat hotel provides a three-day stay with breakfast and bus transportation from anywhere in the country for \$151 a person.

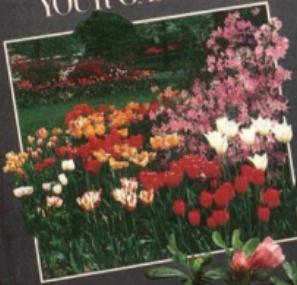
The efforts could succeed in attracting visitors in time for the fall and winter holidays. The Tourism Ministry is working with New York City's Grey Entertainment & Media company to launch a new campaign next month. The theme: "See Israel. See for yourself." If the demonstrations continue to taper off and Israel is replaced in the news by other world events, there still seems to be a chance that more tourists will do just that.

—By Nancy R. Gibbs.

Reported by Martin Levin/Jerusalem

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Books

Public Triumph, Private Pain

THE LETTERS OF EDITH WHARTON

Edited by R.W.B. Lewis and Nancy Lewis; Scribner's; 654 pages; \$29.95

On Nov. 27, 1909, a famous American author temporarily staying in Paris wrote a note to the local correspondent for the *Times* of London: "Cher ami—Can you arrange, some day next week—before Wednesday—to bring, or send, me such fragments of correspondence as still exist?" The writer continues, "In one sense, as I told you, I am indifferent to the fate of this literature. In another sense, my love of order makes me resent the way in which inanimate things survive their uses!" Edith Wharton, then 47, was referring to her love letters in the possession of Morton Fullerton, a charming rotter who alternately pursued and ignored her. She was also, and none too subtly, trying to make her unpredictable suitor *do* something—anything. But Fullerton did not send back his married lover's mail, then or later, after the affair had finally sputtered out. In 1980 some 300 of these "inanimate things" turned up for sale and were bought by the University of Texas at Austin. Most of those included in *The Letters of Edith Wharton* appear in print for the first time.

The Wharton-Fullerton correspondence makes this book more than simply a companion to R.W.B. Lewis' Pulitzer-prize-winning *Edith Wharton: A Biography* (1975). Her affair with the journalist was no secret to intimate friends or later biographers, but her private responses to it were. And the dignified vulnerability she displayed during this period softens the austere image she cultivated during her 75 years. The regal bearing and the profile with its generous, slightly prognathous jaw remain intact. It is now possible to see with what effort, and after what struggles, she held her head so high.

Wharton's letters offer a look at the private pains of a publicly triumphant life. Born during the Civil War, Wharton flourished until almost the beginning of World War II. She inherited considerable wealth and earned a great deal in addition by her writing, such novels as *The House of Mirth*, *The Custom of the Country*, *Ethan Frome* and *The Age of Innocence* were critical and commercial successes. She became so formidable a literary icon during the 1920s that F. Scott Fitzgerald, invited to meet her, drank more than was advisable to steady himself before his audience with the great lady. As a result, he told off-color jokes. Wharton noted in her diary that

evening: "To tea, Teddy Chanler and Scott Fitzgerald, the novelist (awful)."

Fitzgerald might have been less intimidated beforehand had he realized how well his hostess understood human insecurities and frailties. "Goodbye, goodbye," she had written Fullerton in 1908. "Write or don't write, as you feel the impulse—but hold me long & close in your thoughts. I shall take up so little room, & it's only there that I'm happy!" She was then internationally renowned but also trapped in a long, misbegotten marriage to Edward R. (Teddy) Wharton, a hale fellow and manic-depressive whom her good friend Henry James suspected of being "cerebrally compromised." On the

other hand, the Harvard-educated Fullerton, some three years her junior, drifted into his 40s without accomplishing much of anything except a string of lovers, male and female. Yet she listed with a lover's ears to the grand plan her perpetually promising gentleman. "And when you spoke of your uncertain future, your longing to break away from the work you really like, didn't you know how my heart broke with the thought that, if I had been younger & prettier, everything might have been different."

Such passages, the self-abasements clearly superior partner, make for reading. But Wharton's love letters are intriguing in other ways. She could discreetly hint at sexual arousal intensified by social constraint: "You can't come into the room without my feeling all over me a ripple of flame." Writting under Fullerton's pseudonym, she could summon up a series of anger and pride: "What you apparently, is to take of my life the important & uttermost that a woman—a woman like me—can give, for an hour now & then, when it suits you, when the hour is over, to leave me out of your mind & out of your life. A man leaves a companion who has corded him a transient distraction, I think I am worth more than that."

A ll disappointed lovers feel, of course, but not every one of them commands the interest of strangers. In these letters, Wharton does. And for the rest of the century she is an incisive guide through the glories and vicissitudes of her amazing life. She knew everyone from Henry James, Bernard Berenson and Teddy Roosevelt to Sinclair Lewis, Aldous Huxley and Kenneth Clark. She usually remained abuzz about her generosity with money and time, but the helpful annotations of Biographer Lewis and his wife Nancy fill in many gaps. She was extensively and exhaustively bilingual in many languages; in one she casually mentions enjoying a new translation of Aeschylus' *German*. She was often quite frank, even naughty; she writes of seeing a ballerina, noted for dancing on her toes and suggestively unclosed "even to the most intimate interests of her person."

In retrospect, it is easy to see why Henry James at first viewed the younger Edith Wharton with alarm. He might have invented her except that she was a Jamesian heroine even richer and brighter than his imagination had dared. And her novels made more money than his. The record of their growing friendship is only one of many happy ventures in this brimming, brilliant collection.

—By Paul



EDITH WHARTON

Books

Paper Chase

MARKETS

by Martin Mayer
Norton; 303 pages; \$18.95

A market, children learn, is where one goes to buy a fat pig. Grownups call it pork belly, but rarely come home with the bacon. Instead, they hold a slip of computer-generated paper that represents a bet on the future price of the commodity. Not having to handle the meat makes it much easier for traders. They have time to think up creative ways of profitably shuffling their paper or, as the case is today, manipulating numbers on a computer. The game can now be as bewildering as three-dimensional chess played internationally at the speed of light.

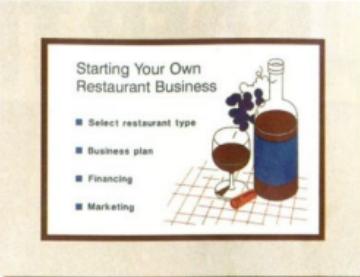
This makes the concept of modern markets hard to understand and difficult to explain, even for the distinguished explainer Martin Mayer. Following an arcane account of a portfolio-hedging strategy, he writes, "You can read it twice, or three times, or you can take my word for it." Which is sound advice. Mayer has been one of the educated layman's best guides to the covert worlds of Wall Street and finance. *The Bankers* (1974) was a best seller. More recent books include *The Fate of the Dollar* (1980) and *The Money Bazaars* (1984).

Since Mayer's last outing, a robust greenback has grown anemic, the U.S. has become the world's largest debtor, and the stock market dropped more than 500 points in one day, symbolically if not literally ending the avaricious '80s. Mayer patiently brings the reader up to speed on the intricacies of trading stocks, bonds, commodities and imaginative financial instruments with names like STRIPS, zero-coupon bonds and "Heaven & Hell" warrants.

School briefs are enlivened and focused with anecdotes and sage quotes from jaded codgers. What former New York Stock Exchange Chairman Bernard J. ("Bunny") Lasker said just before the bull market of the mid-'70s would be true enough in the '80s: "I can feel it coming, SEC or not, a whole new round of disastrous speculation, with all the familiar stages in order—blue-chip boom, then a fad for secondary issues, then an over-the-counter play, then another garbage market in new issues, and finally the inevitable crash."

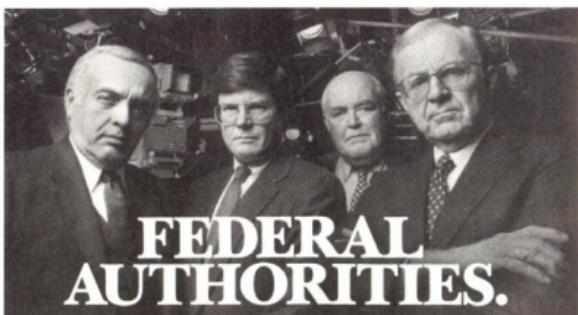
This decade added wrinkles, such as computerized trading and increased use of sophisticated techniques for minimizing losses. One of the most popular examples is gambling on where Standard & Poor's 500 stocks are going. A successful bet that the index will fall could offset losses in declining stocks. Stock-index futures are traded much like any other commodity, except that they do not represent anything real, such as wheat, tin or pork bellies.

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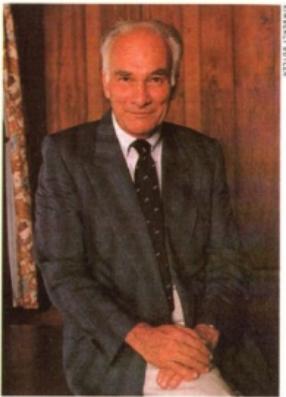
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Books

Mayer defines markets the old-fashioned way—as mechanisms for the efficient allocation of resources—and so looks on “buying the market” (playing the S&P 500, for example) as an unproductive distortion of the system. “What made stock markets important in an economy,” he writes, “was their transmission of investors’ judgments as to which industries and which companies were most likely to thrive and thus should find it easiest to raise fresh money. For professionals to invest huge pools without exercising that sort of judgment subverted some part of the legitimacy of market capitalism.”



Mayer: greed as the “cleanest of vices”

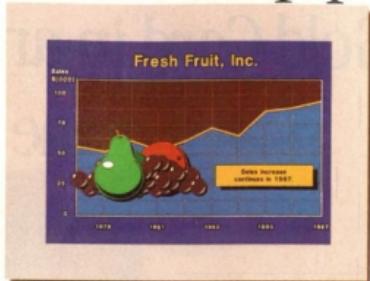
Three-dimensional chess at light-speed.

Just how straight is the system? Less than brokers would have us believe, according to Mayer. Insider-trading indictments make headlines, but outside investors are also disadvantaged by a structural convenience that benefits the professionals: brokerage houses buy and sell for their own accounts as well as those of their customers. This can be a conflict of interest, especially during volatile periods. Mayer corroborates the Brady commission report on last October's crash, which suggested that many Wall Street firms unloaded their own falling stocks before executing customers' sell orders.

Mayer would like changes, though he is a pragmatist rather than a reformer. He even seems to have been partially seduced by the pre-crash '80s, a period as supercilious about amassing money as the '70s were overbearing about running up the sexual score. Greed, he concludes, “is the cleanest of vices, the one most easily and publicly rebuked by reality.” His good book suggests otherwise. Its lively pages testify to the tendency of greed (or any other vice) to distort reality and ensure that those in its grip will keep coming back for more.

—By R.Z. Sheppard

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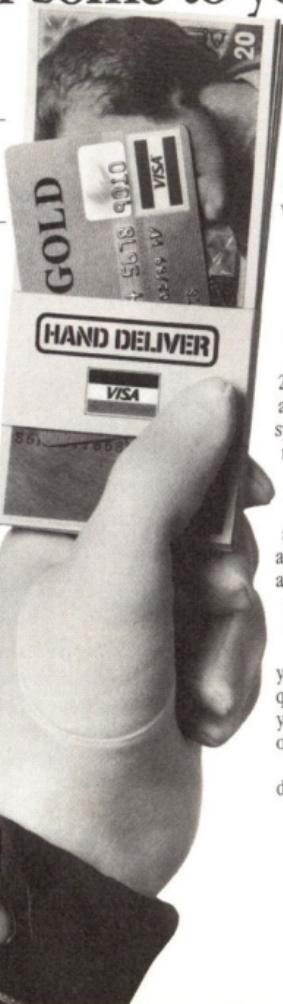
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Books

Son of Megatech

THE CARDINAL OF THE KREMLIN
by Tom Clancy
Putnam; 543 pages; \$19.95

Take a look at your fellow prisoners next time you are stranded at O'Hare International Airport, waiting in numb misery for Groundloop Airlines to postpone your red-eye to Washington National. At least half the frequent sufferers—blue-suited business plodders of both sexes—will carry a megatech spy paperback. Not a detective story or a gothic bodice ripper but a 500-page thunderation about missile subs, perhaps, or rocket attacks on space stations.

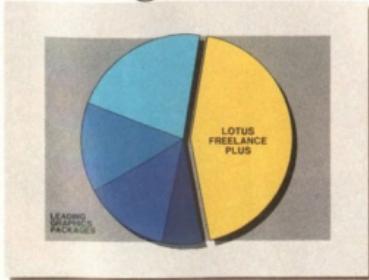
No one blots out the realities of baggage deprivation and child-size seats like Tom Clancy, the minstrel of the military-industrial complex. Clancy's first thriller was a nuclear submarine epic, *The Hunt for Red October*, which was followed by another sturdy heavyweight, *Red Storm Rising*. He stumbled last year with *Patriot Games*, a frippery in which his customary hero, the supercool CIA man Jack Ryan, saved a British royal child from kidnapping. The problem was not that *Patriot Games* was silly, but that it was even sillier than real life.

The Cardinal of the Kremlin, the new Jack Ryan airing, deals admiringly with Star Wars technology and thus (SDI cynics might object) is precisely as silly as real life. Never mind; Clancy is back on track. The reader is shown, in quick, effective takes of a few pages each, a giant Soviet military laser weapon under construction in the mountains of central Asia, the operation of an elaborate chain of U.S. spy drops and cutouts in Moscow, an Afghan guerrilla team shooting down Soviet helicopters with Stinger missiles, tense cookie pushing at a disarmament negotiation, and two separate KGB interrogations, including one involving sensory deprivation techniques that screen out even the relentless *quack quack* of your stewardess telling you to place seat backs and tray tables in the full upright position.

Clancy's characters, including his solid mahogany hero, are not especially interesting. There is no sex at all, and generally not much human contact beyond the kind that requires a salute or a karate chop. On the other hand, the author has kept up with shifts of attitude in the U.S., and not every Kremlin big shot is portrayed as an evil-empire builder. He has not anticipated the end of the Afghan war, and the Pentagon procurement scandal is not foreshadowed. Complicated weapons systems usually work, and no U.S. military officer enlisted person is less than true blue. Fair enough. Accepting Clancy's word on such matters for the duration of a flight is less strenuous and far more reassuring than pulling up hard on your seat handles to keep the plane in the air.

—By John Skow

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People

The Fab Four's Magical Mystery Tour is long since over, and it seems that **Ringo Starr**, 48, has lost quite a bit of stature. Literally. But for the ex-Beatle small is perfectly wonderful if you're off on a new fantastic journey in *Shining Time Station*, a PBS children's program now in production. Ringo plays the 1-ft-tall Mr. Conductor, a kindly guardian wizard in the show's enchanted train station. "I took it," Starr says, "because I liked the idea of being a miniaturized magical figure." For the past three years, he has been the narrator on Britain's *Thomas the Tank Engine and Friends*, which will be part of *Shining Time*. It helps the first Beatle grandfather keep in touch with son Zak's 18-month-old daughter **Tatia**. Says Starr: "Apart from herself



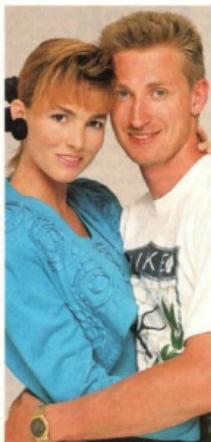
Starr turn: Ringo shrinks to fit with his co-stars on *Shining Time Station*

Heimlich maneuver on Hecht. Ironically, Kerry is a member of the Democratic Campaign Committee, which has targeted Republican Hecht for defeat in November. Hecht's political career, in fact, may be in need of help. In local opinion polls, he trails his Democratic challenger, Governor **Richard Bryan**, by at least 10 points.

Sotheby's is calling it a one-time auction of **Elton John's** music memorabilia. What it really is, however, is a garage sale of sybaritically silly stuff accumulated during the flamboyant rock star's career. "It's the end of a

20-year chapter," says John of the souvenirs of parties, rock tours and movies once stashed in his mansion in Windsor, England. All that glitz is now on tour prior to an October auction in London. While a Magritte painting will be on the block, most of the offerings will be along the lines of feather boas, a 5-ft-tall Eiffel Tower hat, spectacular spectacles and a \$5,000 matador suit. John promises that his future costumes will be less fluffy: "I don't want to go on stage looking like **Tina Turner's** grandmother anymore."

—By Howard G. Chua-Eoan



They do: Jones and Gretzky

on videotape, the thing Tatia likes to watch most on television is *Thomas*. "With Granddad around, there's no need to worry about the Blue Meanies."

Calgary may have played host to the Winter Olympics, but last week its nearby rival Edmonton was the proud site

of Canada's wedding of the year. Wearing a white gown reportedly worth \$45,000, movie actress **Janet Jones** (*A Chorus Line, American Anthem*) walked down the aisle of St. Joseph's Basilica, as the Edmonton Symphony played, to exchange vows with Edmonton's favorite Oiler, **Wayne Gretzky**, the Great One himself. Jones, who three years ago came close to marrying Tennis Star **Vitas Gerulaitis**, met Gretzky in 1983 on the set of the TV show *Dance Fever*. Their romance began in earnest at the June 1987 NBA play-offs in Los Angeles. Said Gretzky: "She's a great lady, and we're very compatible." Well, not until recently. Jones never watched hockey until last year.

Looking for a collaborator for her forthcoming autobiography, **Nancy Reagan** felt she could hardly do better than Author **William Novak**. After all, Novak has co-written most of the recent crop of high-powered memoirs, including **Lee Iacocca's** *Iacocca*, **Tip O'Neill's** *Man of the House* and **Sydney Biddle Barrows'** *Mayflower Madam*. However, the First Lady, who heads the "Just Say No" antidrug program, seems to have overlooked one thing. Eight years ago, Novak came out with *High Culture: Marijuana in the Lives of Americans*. "For me," he wrote, "marijuana has been an intellectual stimulant." The book

by the woman who said yes to the man who did not say no is pegged for release next year by Random House.

Asked two years ago if he would run for re-election in 1988, Nevada Senator **Chic Hecht** said, "If, God willing, I'm breathing, I'm going to run." Last week, however, Hecht was losing his breath, staggering out into a congressional hallway, choking on a piece of food. Deliverance came from a colleague, Massachusetts Senator **John Kerry**, who happened by and used the



Chapter's end: John and part of his collection on auction



Johns' *Weeping Women*, 1975: In America's deepest living artist, indirectness, allusion and something akin to physical rage

Art

The Venice Biennale Bounces Back

Dominated by Jasper Johns, this year's event is again a prime festival of the new

Say what you will, complain as you wish—and it usually gives rise to plenty of speech and complaint—the Venice Biennale is always fun to visit. It also has an edge on all other festivals of contemporary art, like the more didactic Documenta at Kassel, West Germany. For when you have done the central show in the Italian pavilion in the public gardens, and sampled all the national pavilions from the U.S.'s to Yugoslavia's, and sated whatever appetite you may have for the installation pieces of Aperto 88, the section for artists under 40 that stretches like a deconstructionist *via crucis* through the long Piranesian gloom of the rope walk at the Arsenal, you can go back to the museums and immerse yourself in the Venetian past, an experience that tends to put some of the achievements of late or postmodernism in perspective. Moreover, it takes you away from the throng of dealers and neocollectors who descend on the Biennale like salesmen at a security-devices convention in Akron and would not lightly squander their quality time on something as old hat as a Veronese or a Tintoretto ceiling.

The Biennale, which began in 1895, is the oldest living, official new-art event. Through the '50s, it acquired an inimitable prestige, and its prizes were held to be enormously important in the marketing of an artist: nothing could have given Robert Rauschenberg's career a faster boost than

winning the Gran Premio in 1964. This changed in the wake of '68, when art-student radicals occupied the Accademia di Belli Arti, in protest against the commodification of culture (how many of them, one wonders, are art dealers today?). In panic, the Biennale decided in 1972 to jettison the prize system and turn itself into a noncompetitive symposium built around a historical or theme show in the Italian pavilion. Racked by ideological discord and enfeebled by the organizational skills of Italian intellectuals, the Biennale went into a tailspin for a number of years.

Now there is every sign that the Biennale is recovering its equilibrium. The prizes were put back in 1986. This year's

Leone d'Oro was won, amid general acclamation and to no one's surprise, by Jasper Johns for his show in the U.S. pavilion. One long-overdue new pavilion has been added: Australia's, showing a group of enormous paintings by the veteran expressionist Arthur Boyd, an artist of exceptional if uneven power whose work is hardly known in the U.S.

The artists most heavily featured in the Italian pavilion are Enzo Cucchi, Francesco Clemente and Sandro Chia—together with Mimmo Paladino, 40, who has turned the main gallery into a continuous "environment" of stone figures, bronze emblems and copper sheet. Paladino's masks, wheels, cauldrons, skulls and traceries of rose stems, cast in bronze, have a wild unsettled air, a mix of courtesy, sophistication and peasant witchcraft, that is quite striking; one only wishes that when he carves a figure in stone, it came out looking more like sculpture and less like a shop-window dummy. Also not to be missed is a hypnotic and mysterious installation by the Roman artist Maurizio Mocchetti, in which an irregular circle of red laser light contracts and expands in the darkness on a bed of red oxide.

Spain has the Catalan sculptor Susana Solano, 42, whose constructions of sheet iron, mesh and rods are based on the image of baths and attain a weird intensity in balancing the plain, structurally explicit



Polymorphous: Cragg's *untitled conch shell*

means of minimalism against an atmosphere of secrecy and menace: they could be prison cells or metaphorical labyrinths.

The West German pavilion is filled by a rambling installation, *Unlessness*, 1985-88, by Felix Droeze, 38. To judge from his materials, which include wooden beams salvaged from warehouses and bridges, oxidized metal, tar paper, dusty broken glass and spindly watercolor drawings, Droeze is under the spell of Joseph Beuys and, to some degree, Beuys' former student Anselm Kiefer. He draws with scissors, creating silhouette cutouts (a favorite form of German folk art) on an enormous scale. They make all manner of references to pacifism, to imprisonment and the gallows, to shadow puppetry and children's drawings, and aspire toward a vividly German kind of paranoid sublimity.

The most impressive sculpture at this Biennale, however, is in the English pavilion: a survey of work by Tony Cragg, 39. It issues from a strong and wide-darting imagination. Cragg's sculpture is richly polymorphous, refusing to be pinned down in any style and incorporating such materials as bits of blue plastic scrap, bronze, wood, lab glass, plaster, cogwheels, rubber and sandstone. At times the results look mysteriously vulnerable and reserved, like *Silicate*, 1988, an array of laboratory beakers and bottles, sandblasted until holes appear in their milky skins. Other pieces are farcical: *Code Noah* is Cragg's gloss on the perpetuation of genetic traits, a DNA helix made up of children's soft toys—bunnies, horsies, teddy bears and heffalumps—absurdly cast in bronze. Perhaps weirdest of all is Cragg's untitled sculpture of an enormously enlarged Paleozoic conch shell done in iron, the monster ancestor of all wind instruments, reposing on top of iron replicas of cases for a trumpet and a trombone—eating its children or giving birth to them, whichever you prefer.



Boyd's *Paintings in the Studio*, 1973, featured in the new Australian pavilion

Inevitably, the centerpiece of the Biennale is the U.S. pavilion with its show of Jasper Johns' work since 1974, organized by the Philadelphia Museum of Art and treated to a piercing catalog exegesis by its curator Mark Rosenthal. Johns' presence at the Biennale seems to close the American parenthesis that Rauschenberg opened there 24 years ago, and one leaves it convinced he is the deepest of living American artists, a painter whose subtlety and richness of imagination stand beyond doubt even when, as sometimes happens, one cannot find a direct way among the hints, inversions, repetitions and false scents in which his art abounds.

Johns cites his own early paintings, those of his contemporaries (Barnett Newman, for instance) and those of past

masters—Dürer, Grünewald, Picasso. His indirectness and liking for allusion coexist with something akin to physical rage: the body parts in his paintings speak of dismemberment, not mere anatomy. His diagonal cross-hatchings are both subtle and banal, for Johns' scrutiny flickers in a perplexing, teasing way between simple pattern recognition and active, probing pattern—so that something quite unremarkable as an image can swell up into a ravishing pictorial event. Sometimes one is excluded; it is like eavesdropping on a man who, half asleep at 4 in the morning, combines and recombines the obsessive contents of his semiconscious mind, muttering and sometimes cursing. But this is the play of a great artist.

—By Robert Hughes



A mix of couture sophistication and peasant witchcraft in the Italian pavilion: Paladino's "environment" of stone figures

Essay

Walter Shapiro

The Boys of Late Autumn

Douglass Wallop's 1954 novel, *The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant*, reflects that innocent era before Astro-Turf, designated hitters and utility infielders with multi-million-dollar contracts. But every middle-aged baseball fan can still appreciate the Faustian temptation at the core of both the novel and the hit Broadway musical it inspired, *Damn Yankees*. Joe Boyd is a paunchy real estate salesman condemned to root for his hapless hometown team, the now defunct Washington Senators. The devil, who prefers the moniker Applegate, offers to transform Joe into the greatest slugger in the history of the game. Applegate's price is the usual recompense: a paltry—albeit eternal—shift in allegiance. Since this is fiction, Joe resists more than most. But ultimately, how can an immortal soul compete with the gifts of youth, grace, coordination and tape-measure home runs?

At 41, I too have reached the Applegate of my years. Metaphorically, my bat speed has slowed, my reflexes have begun to dim and more than a stride has been lost going down the line to first. That may help explain why I follow with such fascination and dread the fortunes of the last four big league ballplayers who are older than I am. By daring to stop time for at least one more summer, these final four have become my personal antidotes to middle age, even as I chart their downward slide in the arithmetic of the box scores and the formulaic prose of the sporting pages.

There remains among them one cereal-box hero, shining exception to the inevitability of decay: Nolan Ryan, the greatest strikeout pitcher in history, 16 days my senior and still blessed with the fearsome fast ball that brought him to the cusp of yet another no-hitter this spring. Ryan, I reckon, will be the last survivor in this private tontine, but that honor could also go to Tommy John, baseball's Old Man River. Lured out of retirement like a veteran CIA agent asked to perform a final mission, John, 45, has miraculously emerged as the anchor of the Yankee pitching staff. My other two survivors are probably in the final months—or even days—of their curtain calls. Don Sutton, 43, his blond curly flecked with gray, languishes on the disabled list as the Dodgers wonder what to do with a pitcher who needs a retinue of relievers to get him beyond the sixth inning. And Graig Nettles, 43, once a majestic third baseman, hangs on a major league roster by a thread as an occasional pinch hitter for the Montreal Expos.

These are the boys of late autumn, the last leaves on the tree of my youth. Not too many innings ago, there were others: Reggie Jackson; the knuckle-ball brothers, Phil and Joe Niekro; the great lefthanded pitcher Steve Carlton; and journeyman Outfielder Tom Paciorek, kept around last year by a manager who was an old teammate. A few like Paciorek glided gracefully and gratefully into a broadcasting booth. But most went out cursing the darkening of the light. At 43, Carlton, dropped by five different teams in the past two years, defiantly repeats the old ballplayer's mantra, "I know I can still pitch. I know I still have the ability to win."

How hard it must be to surrender, to never again put on spikes and smell the new-mown grass of an empty stadium. But how much harder it must be to walk out to the pitching mound or step into the batter's box knowing that you are expected to compete against striplings half your age. That is the bravery of Ryan, John, Sutton and Nettles as each game they pray that the mind can still command the muscles, that cunning can compensate for crumbling coordination. Men in their 40s are not meant to be gladiators; they are designed to be potbellied third-base coaches spitting tobacco juice, and gray-haired managers storming out of the dugout.

What is it about baseball that lends itself so naturally to metaphors of germ and birth, decline and death? Some might point to the statistical exactitude of the season, the precise accounting of hits and errors, the joyous regeneration of starting each spring with a clean slate and an unblemished record. On the playing level, baseball is the meritocracy to

which the rest of America might aspire—a pristine universe where performance matters more than pedigree and connections are what occur when a hurled spheroid encounters a swung hickory stick.

Even without the intervention of gifted chroniclers like Roger Angell and Thomas Boswell, each baseball career is a study in literature. An ironic short story might be apt for the rookie whose only appearance in a big league box score comes at the tag end of a lost season. A sonnet would be fitting commemoration for those human

meteors who flash across the big league sky and then flame out, their promise unkept. My four graybeard survivors, of course, deserve nothing less than full-length novels, sprawling Victorian epics that carry them from apple-cheeked anticipation to adult acclaim to the agonies of aging abilities.

Such inner struggles are mostly beyond the ken of us middle-aged Walter Mitty, whose images are those of the grandstand and whose own diamond memories ended with youth-league ball more than a quarter-century ago. For all the clichés about baseball being a boy's game played by grown men, we watch and root with ardor because we sense the truth: what happens on the big league diamond is life magnified beyond mortal dimension. Who in his or her daily existence has an experience to equal the champagne-drenched euphoria of a championship team? How can the workaday world match that moment when the last out is recorded and the players embrace in bacchanalian frenzy out near the pitcher's mound, pummeling and tumbling, shouting and shrieking, reveling in the totality of triumph?

Sadly, this is a world that I will never enter. The last embers of my irrational fantasies will be extinguished as soon as Ryan, John, Sutton and Nettles hang up their spikes. Meanwhile, my own team, the baleful, basket-case Baltimore Orioles, those baseball bunglers who butchered 21 straight, have tumbled beyond human salvation. If perchance you are reading these words with devilish delight, Applegate, here is one middle-aged soul ready to deal.



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